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Jeanie and Her Big Bible

('Friendly Greetings.')

Jeanie was a little Scotch girl who lived far back during the days of the bloody persecutions under the reckless Charles II. It was a bitter time. Soldiers were marching all over the country, driving people from their homes, burning their houses, and putting many innocent persons to death.

Jeanie's parents were pious people, and their turn came at last to be driven from their home.

One afternoon the cruel soldiers were seen advancing, and the poor folks had to flee with what valuables they could carry. Jeanie was given the big family Bible for her load, and her father told her that she must be very careful with it, and not have it get hurt, nor lose it by the way, 'For we could not live,' said he, 'without the good Book.'

She wrapped one of her clean gowns around the Book, and started with it in her hands, following her father and mother, each of whom carried a child. The fugitives directed their steps towards the next village, where there was a strong old church that coul[illegible]d as a fort, and which they hoped to [illegible]n before their enemies came up. A stream lay in their way, however, and this they dared not cross by the bridge for fear of their pursuers. So they hastened to a place in the river where some stepping-stones had been laid down for the convenience of foot-passengers. It was dark when they reached the bank, and the water ran swiftly in its channel. But they did not hesitate. The father waded across, carrying the others, one by one, in his arms, until Jeanie was left alone.

Fearing solitude more than the dangers of the stream, the young girl followed her father on his last trip, stepping carefully from stone to stone. But it was so dark now that she could scarcely see the way before her, and presently her foot slipped and she went splash into the water.

In her danger she did not forget, however, the treasure entrusted to her care. As her feet went down her arms went up, and her precious burden was held above her head. She struggled bravely against the current, and though the water came up to her waist, she managed to keep on toward the shore, holding the dear old Bible as high as she could raise it. Her father met her before she gained the bank, and clasped both his treasures in his strong arms.

'Father,' said the brave little maid, 'you told me to take care of the dear old Bible, and I have done so.'

Several pistol-shots were heard at that moment, and the sound of approaching horsemen. The fugitives found concealment in a cleft among the rocks, and fortunately were not discovered After their pursuers had ridden away, they issued from their retreat, and soon after reached the church in safety.

Jeanie married in after years, and lived happily with her husband to a good old age. The great Bible became hers after her father's death, and in it were recorded the names of her seven children. It is still in possession of her descendants, in a well-preserved condition.

Jeanie never forgot that night of peril when she carried the old Bible through the deep waters. When she was dying she dreamed of her girlish exploit, and cried out, 'I'm in the deep river—in the deep river; but I will hold up the dear old Bible. There, father, take the Book.' these words she ceased to breathe.

THE YOUNG GIRL FOLLOWED HER FATHER ON HIS LAST TRIP.

The Last Donation at Oak Ridge.

(Hilda Richmond, in the 'Standard.')

'Don't go out in the storm to-night, father,' coaxed Mrs. Sanford. 'You know exactly what they will do at the meeting. John Ramer will suggest a donation to pay off the debt on the minister's salary, and the rest will vote for it. They have done that ever since we came here, and always will, I guess.'

'I know, mother, but I have always opposed them, and always will as long as I can get to the meetings. It's a shame to the community that men who call themselves honest will pay church debts in stuff they can't use at home.'

'I suppose we are not to judge, but it is very hard on the minister and his family to have so much produce and so little money.'

'Somehow the people have the idea that the Golden Rule is out of date, or else they think ministers can live on less than other folks.'

'They don't seem to think at all. If you refused to take the things to the parsonage maybe the men would be ashamed to take such poor things. They always appoint you to gather them up, and I wouldn't do it this year.'

'The minister always says if he must have a donation instead of his money, it is a comfort to have it all over in a few days. You know the year we tried having each one take his own it was spring before they all got in. Mr. Lennox was bothered every day or two with a load or basket of gifts, so I will save him that annoyance if I can't stop the donations.'

'That is true,' assented his wife. 'All that fall people drove up just before dinner, and of course Mrs. Lennox had to ask them to stay. The horse feed and extra

work must have been considerable, but people don't think of those things.'

As Mrs. Sanford predicted, the donation came within one vote of being unanimous. Mr. Sanford made his usual plea for cash payment, but when he sat down the plans for the annual event went on. As usual, John Gray suggested that 'Brother Sanford be appointed to gather the gifts,' and as usual the motion carried. After a few desultory remarks, the meeting adjourned, and the minister, who saw from his study window the lights extinguished one by one, gave a little sigh of regret, for he knew the result of the meeting as well as if he had been present.

'Going to town, Mr. Sanford?' called James Miles. 'Wait a minute, and I'll ride up with you.'

'This is lucky for me,' observed Mr. Sanford, as the light waggon sped over the smooth road. 'Brother Gray gave his donation in potatoes, and, as Mr. Lennox had raised more than he can use, I'm taking them to the grocery. I'll have help to unload them now, for they're always so busy at the Bee Hive that I don't like to ask assistance.'

'Did you raise these potatoes on a side hill, where the rain washed all the dirt off?' inquired the proprietor of the Bee Hive, opening a sack and taking a handful of sun-burnt tubers of various sizes. 'They don't look much like the ones you sold me last week.'

'They are not mine,' exclaimed Mr. Sanford. 'John Gray gave them as his donation to the minister. He said they are worth six dollars.'

'I can't afford to give more than forty cents a bushel. Tell John Gray to pay his church debts with potatoes like he brought me to pay his grocery bill, and I'll double the price I can pay for this trash. I'm glad I don't belong to church if that is the way the members act.'

'I guess you needn't call for my apples,' said Mr. Miles, as the wagon was turned toward home. 'I've concluded to give cash,' and he laid a ten dollar bill in Mr. Sanford's hand.

'James, you see how it is,' said Mr. Sanford, earnestly. 'Can't you help a little to do away with these abominable donations?'

'I'll do what I can. I've been blind and selfish like all the rest, but it is never too late to mend. Here, I'll double my gift to pay for former years,' and another bill went into his friend's hand.

'I do hope Mr. Sanford will call for our fruit this week,' said Mrs. Charles Miles to her husband the next day. 'The pears are getting a little too soft. If Mrs. Lennox had them now she could can them, for they are just right. I'll fix up that suit of Willie's that I intend to send, and you'd better drive down with the things yourself, Charles.'

'How would you like for Willie to wear another boy's cast-off clothes, Mary?'

'Why, not at all, but minister's families are used to such things.'

'The more shame to us, then. Brother Jim rode in with Mr. Sanford when he sold the potatoes John Gray sent the minister, and he said the grocer said he was glad he didn't belong to church. Jim told Mr. Sanford not to come for his stuff, and gave him the money, instead. I'm going to do that, too, so you can send Willie's clothes to the Widow Briggs or make carpet rags of them. I'm glad Jim told me before those pears got to the Bee Hive for they would have ruined my reputation on fruit.'

'I don't see what right Mr. Sanford had to sell the potatoes.'

'Mr. Lennox raised his own potatoes this year, and couldn't use them. I'm glad it happened just as it did, for if outsiders judge us by our works, the church will never make any progress. Jim gave twenty dollars, and we can do as well to make up for lost time.'

One cold raw day in November several of the Oak Ridge customers of the Bee Hive were sitting by the comfortable coal fire preparatory to taking the cold drive home, when in walked Mr. Sanford loaded with baskets. 'How do you do?' said the proprietor cordially 'What is it to-day? Dried apples or ancient cheese?'

'Neither. It is some honey that looks lovely and——'

'Well, I'll taste it, anyway. It is best to be on the safe side. Whew! Just try that! The bees that made that stuff must have fed on sour apple pomace or——'

'No, they didn't,' said a man appearing from behind the barrels that separated the two big rooms. 'Joe Sanford, I consider this a mean, dirty trick.'

'Now, look here, Ben Jackson,' said the big grocer, 'you are altogether too rash. Did you hear your name mentioned? Since you have confessed that the honey came from your farm, I'll say that I consider it a mean, dirty trick to pay your honest debts with trash that you couldn't sell in any grocery.'

'He's right, Ben,' put in another man. 'We are disgracing the church by such doings. I suppose you have my chickens out in your waggon, Brother Sanford. I'll take them back with me and give you this instead,' fumbling among the bills in his pocket book.

'What's the matter with them, Bill?' inquired the grocer. 'The last donation chickens I bought I thought of putting in a brooder by the stove. They were so small.'

'Well,' admitted the man, 'they are not any too heavy, but I calculated they'd grow. Better take your honey along, Brother Jackson. We'll know more next time.'

'I'm going to take my name off the church books right away,' said Brother Jackson, angrily. 'We've always had donations, and if——'

'Well, there's one comfort,' said the grocer, 'the minister won't have any more honey if you leave the church. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good!'

'How faithful Mr. and Mrs. Sanford are,' said Mrs. Lennox to her husband, as they set out with their two children to spend the evening at the hospitable farm house. 'They will be missed at Oak Ridge when they are called to their reward. I always like to visit them, for it seems so homelike by their old-fashioned fireplace.'

'Yes, and they always make us welcome in such a delightful way. They are never too busy or tired to work for the Master, and I sometimes fear we impose upon them in the church. How hard he has worked this fall at that donation.'

'And how little real good it has done Do you know, Herbert, I am wicked enough to wish donations had never been thought of? Don't be shocked, dear. I'm bound to have a pleasant time this evening, and don't want anything to spoil it. You don't blame me very much, do you?'

'I can echo that wish without thinking it a bit wicked, my dear. I wonder why the Sanford house is lit from top to bottom. It looks like a party to me.'

A moment later it seemed as if the entire congregation was talking and shaking hands at once, for the big rooms were filled with happy people, and everyone pressed forward to speak to the minister and his wife. By degrees the explanation came, and it was late before the delightful evening came to a close. The young folks had charge of the dining-room, and a dainty but substantial supper was served.

The host and hostess were particularly happy that night, and as Mr. Lennox watched them, he thought: 'Mr. Sanford is glad to have the donation over for another year, and I am, too. He is getting too feeble to haul heavy boxes and barrels and help lift them besides.'

Just before the guests left for their homes, someone called on Mr. Sanford for a speech, but after a few sentences his voice broke, and Mr. Miles had to come to the rescue. 'My dear friends,' he said, 'I am not surprised that Brother Sanford is overcome with happiness this evening. He has realized his greatest earthly hope in spite of opposition, and we all rejoice with him to think his prayers are answered. We do not attempt to excuse our blind selfishness, but promise for the future to do better. To be brief—Oak Ridge has seen its last donation.'

If any reward was needed, the happy people found it in the expression of their minister as he clasped Mr. Sanford's hand and said, 'Let us pray.'

Everyday Love.

A group of little girls were telling of the love each felt for her mother; and, as the testimony went on, the strength of the statement grew, each child feeling obliged to surpass her mates. Finally, one said, positively: 'I love my mother so much I would die for her.' The impressiveness of this declaration subdued the circle. The climax had been reached. A wholesome turn was given to the situation by the quiet observation of a lady sitting near: 'It seems very strange to me that a little girl who loves her mother enough to die for her doesn't love her enough to wash the dishes for her.' We who are older and know better require just such homely reminders to bring us back from our theories to our conditions. The love that is to 'the level of every day's most common needs' is the only genuine kind. —'Congregationalist.'

Mail Bag.

Comis Mills, N.S., Jan. 22, 1903.

Dear Sirs,—I received Bible in due time, and think it is very nice, for which receive thanks.—Your truly,

HATTIE E. DE MINGS.

Fallow Field, Ont., Feb. 14, 1903.

Dear Sirs,—I received your premium, the Bagster Bible, in due time, and wish to thank you sincerely for it. I am highly pleased with the book. Every person thinks it beautiful. Wishing you every success, and that your paper may have a wider circulation this year than ever before.—I am, yours sincerely,

MRS. A. MACKAY.

Mrs. D. Stewart, Aylmer, Que., renewing for club of 'Northern Messenger,' writes: 'We cannot get along without the 'Messenger' in our school.'

Cornwall, Ont., Feb. 17, 1903.

Gentlemen,—I received my fountain pen all right, on Feb. 7, and must say that I am perfectly satisfied with it, both as regards the quality of its writing and appearance. I thank you most heartily for it. Wishing you every success,

I am, yours sincerely,

FRANK WILLIAMSON.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Time of Roses

(Isabel Gay, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

Aunt Almy was the only one at home. The others had gone away at five o'clock in the morning; gone with as much seriousness of aspect, as much implication of weight on their minds as if the occasion to which they were to lend their presence were a funeral instead of a wedding. Aunt Almy knew that it did not beget levity to carry one's best scoop bonnet in its band box, and one's best frock pinned up in a sheet, for a drive of twenty miles over a rough country road; especially with so little elbow-room as is afforded by a narrow buggy and a farm waggon with an extra seat added that the whole family, with the sole exception of Aunt Almy, might witness Ad's wedding.

Aunt Almy would have assumed almost any inconvenience if she only might have gone, for Ad—short for Adoniram—was the darling of her heart, and the girl he was marrying held a place but second to him in his aunt's affections. But there was an unwritten law in the family that when it was necessary that anyone should stay at home Aunt Almy should be that one. She had usually borne such dispensations with fortitude, and it did not fail her that early, dewy June morning when she stood at the gate, waiting to see them start. Ad and Lucy, his sister who was to act as bridesmaid, were in the buggy. Lucy was looking cross; she had not slept well, owing to the protuberant curl-papers which covered her head, screened now by a green barege veil. Moreover, she was encumbered with a huge parcel, enwrapping an exceedingly stiff white frock. To keep this frock free from wrinkles would be Lucy's sole object in life for several hours. She paid no attention to Aunt Almy, who came forward and laid her hand on one of the front wheels just as Ad was about to pick up the reins.

'Good-bye, my boy. God bless you,' she said. So much of yearning affection was there in the words that even Lucy turned her head to look at her aunt. Ad gave one look into the gentle eyes that had never gazed with aught but love on him, and let the reins lie. He took her face in both his hands, and kissed her three times; kissed her reverently as he would kiss his bride, then he drove away.

The heaviness suddenly lifted from Aunt Almy's spirit. She went to the wagon in which sat her sister with her husband and the younger members of the family, save Ben, the daring second son, who, at the last moment, had rebelled at going in the overcrowded wagon, and had rushed off to the barn to fling a saddle on the colt, a fiery young animal with a will as undisciplined as Ben's own.

The boy and his steed were coming through the lane back of the house now. Their advance was slow, owing to the colt's determination to travel in circles instead of a straight line. Ben's face was white, not from fear but from inflexibility. His father and mother watched him with foreboding, his young brothers and sisters with admiration mingled with terror.

'If that boy don't get his neck broke it'll be a mercy,' said Mr. Wellman, gloomily.

'You ought to 'a' made him go in the wagon,' said Mrs. Wellman, rebukingly. Then they all watched in silence.

Before very long the colt, fully convinced of the steady hand on the rein, and the sharp sting which followed his ambitious plunges, showed evidence of a change of heart. He shot straight ahead and settled into a swift gallop. Ben's relatives caught the flash of his smile as he dashed past them, and the triumphant wave of his hand just before he disappeared round a bend in the road, and all felt relieved.

'I guess he'll be all right,' said Mr. Wellman.

'Then we'd better go,' said his wife, from the depths of her sunbonnet. The scoop bonnet in the box at her feet would not be assumed until they were almost within sight of the bride's house. 'Almy, if you don't get time to make the doughnuts just let 'em go; we'll have enough without them,' she said to her sister.

'Oh, I'll manage to get time. I promised Molly the last time she was here to make doughnuts for her wedding supper.'

'I know, but there's a good deal to be done, and supper ought to be ready about as soon as we get here. Drivin' four or five hours makes folks pretty hungry, you know.'

'I know. Don't you worry, Elvy; things'll be all right.'

'I hope so,' said Mrs. Wellman. 'Hiram, what are you waitin' for?'

'For you to have the last word,' said Mr. Wellman, jocosely. Then he gave a cluck that started his great horses forward.

When they were out of sight Aunt Almy went back to the house and surveyed her field of operations. Its extensiveness would have baffled a woman of to-day, but it had no terrors for Aunt Almy.

'I'll get the flowers first,' she said. 'They're fresher than they'll be after the sun's been on them a while.' Soon she was moving among the rosebushes, cutting their blooms lavishly.

'I'm very fond of roses,' she said. 'I believe they're my favorite flower. I think most folks like them best. There's been so many nice pieces written about them. There's that one in the English Reader: I wonder if I can remember it. I used to know it by heart. It begins,

'"The rose had been washed, just washed
in a shower,
Which Mary to Anna conveyed.
The plentiful moisture encumbered the
flower,
And weighed down its beautiful head."

'That's the first verse. Then there's that pretty piece in Ben's new song book:

'"It was not in the winter
Our loving lot was cast.
It was the time of roses;
We plucked them as we passed."

'I like that. I hope Ben will learn the right tune for it. I think I'll put a bunch of white roses on the biggest poundcake. They'll trim it up so. Molly'll look like a pink rose herself. My! but I would have liked to go to that wedding.' Poor Aunt Almy sighed deeply as she uttered the wish. Then she plied her scissors faster than ever.

It was past noon before she was free to make her doughnuts. The house was in a state of beautiful order, and everywhere downstairs exhaled a pleasing odor of roses and cake.

After she had made and drank a cup of tea Aunt Almy took a final survey of the living room in which the wedding feast was spread. She could find no fault with it. The table, her chief concern, was a mass of color and fragrance. The fare was in accord with the unspoiled rural ideas of half a century ago. There were plates of immense puffy biscuits, known as lightcakes; there were platters of cold ham and chickens; dishes of young beet pickles, and richly tinted jellies and preserves; others held that delicacy known to some as Dutch cheese, to more as pot cheese, and to most it was familiar under the uneuphonious name of smear-case, and was always so spelled. There were canned peaches to be flanked by pitchers of yellow cream; there were decorative and anxiously compounded floating islands; there were delectable cherry pies, and there were pound cakes, sponge cakes, and 'raisin cakes,' not many of the latter; raisins were too scarce and high-priced. To these Aunt Almy meant to add the doughnuts, for which she was famous. There were few brides within a radius of ten miles who did not beseech her services in the making of this now despised and much-condemned little cake.

It would have been difficult for anybody but the most hopeless dyspeptic to despise Aunt Almy's doughnuts. In appearance, perhaps, they could not challenge comparison with the many-hued and fancifully devised and ornamented small cakes of the latter-day confectioner. They were only brown, sweet, delicious, and—digestible. And when they were covered with the pounded and sifted sugar that Aunt Almy meant to add as an extra touch today it must be maintained that they were beautiful as well as good.

'I wonder if I'd ought to have used so many eggs for the floating islands,' mused Aunt Almy, as she drained her teacup. 'I want a dozen for the doughnuts, and I hope I'll find them. So many of the hens ain't laying now, and we've used such a sight of eggs lately. I'll go right out and see.'

She went to the barn and searched diligently in the boxes and barrels and mangers which served as hen's nests. She was disappointed at the result. Only ten eggs disclosed themselves to her anxious eyes.

'I suppose I'll have to make them do. I might have managed with sixteen eggs instead of twenty for the custard. Lots of folks only take four to a quart of milk, but when your rule is five it goes against you to break it. Well, there's no use waiting for any more. Our hens never lay late in the day.'

She returned to the house and began her orderly preparations. First, she collected enough wood to last until the final doughnut should be fried. Then she got out the heavy iron kettle, put some lumps of firm white lard into it, and set it on the stove. She rolled sugar and beat eggs. She changed her mind about the kettle of lard and set it on the back part of the stove.

'I guess I'll get them all ready before I fry any. I want to make some fancy

twists, and the lard might get too hot before I'd notice it.'

By two o'clock the long white kitchen table was covered with pale-yellow rings and intricate twists, awaiting their plunge into the liquid fat. Aunt Almy was carefully testing the heat of the lard before intrusting a cake to its depths.

'It's just ready,' she said, as she watched a faint blue smoke arise from it. 'I'll put a couple of sticks in the stove, and that will keep the heat about right.'

The sticks were put in, a handful of doughnuts gathered up, when Aunt Almy suddenly let them fall. The fat, cross dog chained on the back porch had barked furiously.

'There's some stranger coming,' she said, in vexation. 'Who can it be?'

'Hallo! hallo!' shouted a masculine voice, and Aunt Almy went to the door.

A waggon piled with a medley of bags, yellow and blue crockery and gleaming tinware stood in front of the gate. A low-spirited looking horse was between the shafts. The proprietor of the travelling store leaned forward from the high seat, smiling affably.

'How d'ye do, Almy? how's things today?'

'They're about as usual, thank you, Mr. Green.'

'Why, no, they ain't,' said Mr. Green. 'I heard you folks was havin' a weddin'.'

'The wedding ain't here; it's to Squire Ellis's. Molly Ellis is marrying Ad today. They're married by this time.'

'Why ain't you there?'

'Somebody had to stay at home,' said Aunt Almy, with a worried glance over her shoulder at the kettle of lard.

'And it's always you, ain't it? Say, Almy, come here a minute; I want to tell you something.'

'I'm awful busy—'

'I won't keep you but a minute.'

With extreme reluctance Aunt Almy pattered down to the gate, and looked expectantly at Mr. Green's quizzical face.

'I'm as hungry as a hunter,' he said, impressively. 'Ain't had a bite since morning. Expected to get my dinner at Stebbinses', but found the place all locked up tight as a drum. Folks all gone to the weddin', I s'pose.'

'I s'pose so,' said Aunt Almy, nervously. 'I'd be pleased to ask you in, Mr. Green, and get you a meal, but I'm that busy I don't know which way to turn.'

'I don't want no meal,' said Mr. Green, hastily. 'But if you've got a piece o' pie and a few doughnuts handy I'd be much obliged for 'em.'

'Wait a minute.' Aunt Almy hurried as fast as her feet would carry her to the spring-house, from which she soon emerged with a plate of provisions. She handed the plate to Mr. Green, who took it gingerly.

'Rhuburb pie,' he said, then glanced casually at the cherry trees in the yard. Undeniably ripe fruit was showing among the leaves. 'Kinder late for rhuburb pie, ain't it?'

'We're still making it,' said Aunt Almy, with dignity. 'Good-day, Mr. Green.'

But Mr. Green still detained her, more by force of his look than anything else. 'Is them seed cakes?' he inquired, indicating the substantial rounds on the plate.

'Yes,' said Aunt Almy, retreating into the yard and shutting the gate.

'I don't like 'em. The seeds gets into my hollow teeth.'

'Then give them to the first child you meet,' said Aunt Almy, turning her back.

'Wait just a minute. You haven't got any rags you'd like to exchange for a new milk-pan, or a nice blue bowl that'd look handsome on the table with apple butter in it?'

'No!' said Aunt Almy. 'I told you twice I was awful busy. Bring the plate back next week, please. Good-bye.'

'Good-bye,' mumbled Mr. Green, with his mouth full of pie. He jerked at the reins, and his dejected horse plodded on.

'I never see the beat of that man,' said Aunt Almy, indignantly, as she scurried into the house. 'He's the worst beggar—oh, my! my! my!'

The stove was red hot over the entire top, and the now thick blue smoke rising from the lard, threatened to turn to brown in another instant.

'What shall I do!' cried Aunt Almy, distractedly. 'The kettle's so heavy and so hot. I'm afraid it'll take fire.'

Something had to be done, and without loss of time. The dishes were quickly cleared from the kitchen sink, and armed with a couple of dish cloths, Aunt Almy approached the kettle. With a supreme effort she lifted it and bore it in safety as far as the sink. There the exertion of elevating it over the ledge of the sink, combined with the cruelly hot handle, proved too much for her. She foresaw the inevitable result, but was powerless to avert it. The kettle found its resting-place with a thud, and Aunt Almy's right arm was splashed to the elbow with the hot lard.

Never before had she known such pain as was hers for the next two hours. Not a soul was in reach; even Mr. Green was wholly out of sight. At first, suffering too much to fix her mind on remedies, she could only groan and pace the floor. But when the intolerable smart settled into a vindictive, steady burning she strove to recall what she knew concerning the proper treatment of such injuries. Apple butter was good, but the last jar of apple butter had been emptied the week before. Suddenly she remembered to have heard that white of egg was a sovereign application. She went to the barn, and returned in despair. The hens had completed their labors before she gathered in the eggs for the doughnuts. What should she do!

For a little while her fortitude gave way. Then her sense of duty to others, always dominant, asserted itself. By and by Aunt Almy rose and set the kettle of lard on the stove once more. It was not long before she was alternating between the table and the stove with plates of cooked and uncooked cakes. She never told how she struggled that afternoon with nausea, with faintness, with utter collapse.

At four o'clock most of the doughnuts were cooked. Aunt Almy had grown quite calm in spirit, although her arm still burned relentlessly, and was completing her task with the same orderliness that she had observed in her work of the morning.

There was a movement on the porch. The dog had risen and was shaking himself. He lay down again, his chain clanked and his tail beat the floor of the porch.

'Somebody's coming, and it's one of the family. Thank God!' said poor Aunt Almy.

A horseman dashed along the road, and stopped at the gate. A moment later Ben came buoyantly into the kitchen.

'I'm home,' he announced, gayly. Then he caught sight of the sublimated composure of his aunt's face.

'What is it?' he asked, in consternation.

Aunt Almy mutely held out her blistered arm. Ben gave one long look at it, and turned away. He went to the door and apparently looked out. He saw nothing.

After a moment he went up and kissed the faded cheek. 'I'll be back soon,' he said, huskily. In an instant the colt's feet were twinkling down the road.

Ben was back soon; too soon for the good of the dripping young horse that stood trembling at the gate.

'I have the right things, aunty, and the doctor told me how to use them,' he said, unrolling bandages, and producing two bottles, one holding linseed oil, the other lime-water.

'The colt, Ben?'

'I'll take care of it when I've taken care of you. You must be quiet the rest of the day. Mrs. Peterson will be here in a little while, and she'll look after things. I told her you'd had an accident.'

'Dear, dear! it's awful good of her to come. I know everything will be all right. Hannah Peterson's worth two women like me.'

'No; she's not. There's nobody in the world like you.'

'Now, I'll sugar my doughnuts,' said Aunt Almy, when her nephew awkwardly but gently fastened the last string.

'Aunty, whatever made you try to keep up after being hurt like this? You ought to have let the doughnuts go.'

'I had to keep up, Ben. It would have been miserable for Ad and Molly and the rest of the folks to come home to such a place as this would have been if I had given up.'

'Not as miserable as it was for you to be here alone this afternoon. Now I'll go and look after the colt.'

In the evening at supper Aunt Almy was seated opposite her darling Ad and pretty Molly. Molly wore a dress of green silk with a profusion of gimp trimming, in which she looked more beautiful than any rose. She helped herself daintily to the doughnuts when they were passed, and smiled brightly into the pale, worn face, full of a beautiful peace, across the table.

'You didn't forget, did you, Aunt Almy?'

Her young husband answered her. 'When you know Aunt Almy as well as I do, Molly, you will know that she never forgets anything or anybody except herself.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is March, 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

His Part.

(Agnes E. Wilson, in the 'Wellspring.')

That the supper had been an unusually belated one, and that Theresa Valmer, spry little housekeeper that she was, was still in the kitchen, washing up pots and pans, when the clock struck eight, was her brother Loring's fault. Supper had waited until the busy father had at last eaten alone and departed to his evening work, but Theresa had waited and waited, slipping out to make fresh tea when the laggard's step was at last heard, and speaking not a word of reproach, although Loring offered no apology for his tardiness.

Loring had, indeed, little to offer in the way of conversation of any sort. Theresa was only a girl, and she could not be expected to understand the great schemes which were at that moment ripening in his fertile brain. Nevertheless, when supper was over he waited rather disconsolately for Theresa to finish her after-supper work and join him.

She came at last, slipping off the big apron and rubber cuffs which protected her pretty dress and stopping with them in her hand, while she answered brightly some of Loring's questions, before she turned to put them away.

'You've been such a long time getting through to-night,' Loring grumbled, ignoring the fact that it was he who had caused the delay.

Theresa ignored it, too.

'I had a good deal to do,' she answered. 'I'm glad to be able to sit down at last. I'm tired to-night.'

'Ive been waiting for you to have a game of Crokinole,' Loring explained 'Don't you want to.'

'I don't believe I can play, Loring. I cut my finger to-day, and it would interfere with my playing.'

'That's too bad. Well, can you play the accompaniment to my new violin solo, then?'

'Please excuse me to-night, Loring. I don't feel as if I could.'

'Then don't you want to help me classify my flowers?'

Theresa's face clouded.

'All that litter down here, to-night!' she exclaimed. Then, hastily, as she caught her brother's expression, 'Oh, all right, Loring. I don't really mind.'

'Of course, if you don't want to,' Loring replied, a little stiffly, 'I'll not bring them down. They do make litter, I suppose. That can't very well be helped.'

'Let's have a quiet chat,' Theresa pleaded. 'Tell me all about what happened at the store to-day, and what you did, and whom you saw.'

'Tell you over a whole lot of gossip, eh?' Loring's voice was not quite unkind, but the suggestion was not a pleasant one. 'I'm not very good at that business.'

Theresa made a few rather futile attempts at conversation, but Loring was fidgety. At last he got his hat.

'I guess I'll run round to Clarence Gregory's a little while,' he said. 'He has some flowers that he got on the marshes, and I want to see them.'

Theresa made no protest. It would be an hour or more before his father's return, and Theresa was left quite alone, but Loring did not think of that. He felt, in fact, that he himself was rather ill-used. Surely, it was Theresa's fault that there had been nothing amusing to occupy him at home. He believed it was a sister's duty to make home pleasant for her brother, in the evening.

He found his chum, who was a widow's only child, reading aloud to his mother, but the book was put down at his arrival.

'Flowers?' Clarence queried, as Loring mentioned his errand. 'You'll have to come upstairs with me, old chap. Mother doesn't object to fresh flowers, but she seems prejudiced against having their dessicated remains down here. They are scrupulously confined to the attic.'

The two boys spent a pleasant half-hour in the attic. Then Clarence said: 'That's all. Let's go down to the sitting-room. Mother doesn't like sitting alone in the evening.'

For a moment a vision of Theresa, sitting alone at home, floated through Loring's mind, but it was soon forgotten in their pleasant chat. Mrs. Gregory, while apparently enjoying their lively conversation, did not often join in it, until Clarence was called for a few minutes from the room.

'How is Tressie, this evening?' she then asked, using the pet name by which she often called Theresa.

The query took Loring by surprise. 'She is well, thank you,' he answered.

'I am glad. Her headache isn't affecting her unpleasantly, then, this evening?'

'I guess not. I didn't even know she had one.'

'I ran in for a few minutes this morning, as I passed, and she was looking so miserable that I made her own up to a headache. Tressie is too good to you folks. She keeps on going when she isn't able.'

'She didn't mention the headache. She pleaded a cut finger when I asked her to play Crokinole, but she didn't give any reason when I asked her to try my new piece over with me.'

Mrs. Gregory smiled. 'I fancy one of her nervous attacks doesn't leave her feeling like trying new violin solos,' she said.

'Perhaps my violin performance is rather nerve-racking,' admitted Loring, good-naturedly. 'And a new piece may be particularly so.'

'Oh, I didn't mean anything like that,' Mrs. Gregory protested, laughing. 'I wish you had brought Tressie with you this evening. But I suppose your father is at home to-night?'

Loring's face flushed. 'No; he isn't. Tressie is quite alone. But she isn't at all nervous about being alone.'

Mrs. Gregory hesitated a minute. She did not want to be officious, but after all, Loring was the son of one of her oldest and dearest friends. She decided to speak.

'Isn't it just possible, Loring, that her nervousness may be like her headache—that she may never have spoken of it? I do not mean that she is afraid to stay alone. The neighborhood is a perfectly safe one, and Tressie is much too strong and sensible for idle fears. But I don't think you realize how much Tressie is alone. All day long, she sees you and your father only at meal times, and for the rest of the time, no one; unless a neighbor chances to drop in. Tressie is quite young, Loring, and her loneliness is not easier to bear because it is so recent. She has not complained, I assure you, but I am giving you a little bit of my own experience. I know what it is to spend all day in household tasks, and then to spend my evening in silence and alone.'

Loring was silent for a minute. Then he spoke, slowly and thoughtfully. 'I think I see what you mean, Mrs. Gregory. I guess I've been thinking that I was a pretty decent sort of fellow when I was willing to stay at home and let Tressie amuse me. I never thought that she might sometimes not feel like being amusing.'

'Yes,' Mrs. Gregory smiled back; 'I think that it is just possible that so much has been said about the duty of girls to make home a pleasant place for their brothers, that the duty of the brothers to make home pleasant for their sisters is quite overlooked.'

'You must help me, please, Mrs. Gregory,' Loring begged. 'I don't remember ever having seen any literature on the subject.'

Mrs. Gregory laughed outright. 'No, I don't remember any myself. Perhaps Tressie might write an article on the subject.'

'I wish she would. Can't you coax her to do it, Mrs. Gregory?'

'I'm afraid she's much too busy a little housewife to find time for it,' his friend answered.

'Then will you please do it? And I'd like a private reading from the advance sheets.'

Mrs. Gregory hesitated. 'Duty number one,' Loring suggested, merrily; 'never to leave one's sister alone from supper till bedtime.'

'Number two,' Mrs. Gregory added, catching his tone; 'to remember that she loves to hear what goes on in the world outside, which she so seldom sees. That would make conversation a standard evening amusement.'

'Clarence suggested number three to me,' Loring said; 'that is not to make her tasks harder by needless litter, late meals, and unnecessary demands on her time and attention.'

'You're getting on famously. I see you will soon be ready to write this article yourself. You might add that you will consult her taste at least half the time about games and amusements. It's just possible, you know, that she detests Crokinole and likes Halma. I'll warrant you you know as little about her likes and dislikes as you do about her headaches.'

'She knows all about mine,' Loring said, with keen self-reproach.

'Yes, and she has found great pleasure in conforming herself to them, Loring,' Mrs. Gregory said, sympathetically. 'You must not think that they have burdened her. But I think it only fair that you should have some of the pleasure of considering her whims, and that she should have some of the delights of finding herself being considered. You will double your own pleasure, Loring, as well as hers.'

'I wish you would tell me more,' he pleaded.

'No, your eyes are open, now. You will see them for yourself. But I will tell you one thing more,' she added, after a minute's thought. 'It is as I told you, the outcome of my own experience in loneliness. You don't know how pleasant it will be for Tressie to know that she need not hesitate to ask for your escort if she wants to go out in the evening, to see a friend, or to go to an entertainment or lecture. I know it seems pleasant to you to stay in the house, after being out all day, but you will remember that Tressie has been in all day, and that it will seem just as pleasant to her to get out.'

Clarence came in just then, to find Loring on his feet. 'I thought that fellow was going to keep me there all night,' he exclaimed. 'You're not going, Loring? It's early yet.'

'I left Theresa alone,' Loring explained briefly, and made a somewhat hasty departure.

It was several weeks later that Mrs. Gregory, who had been in to see Theresa, met Loring Valmer at his own gate. 'We never see you any more,' she said, holding out her hand, cordially.

For answer, Loring only laughed as he clasped the hand.

'I want to tell you something,' she said. 'You must never tell Tressie that I told. She has just been telling me about how good you are about taking her to places, and about helping her in the house. She says she is going to find time to join the Reading Circle, and that will mean so much to Tressie. She looks so bright and well, and seems as happy as a bird.'

'Neither father nor I realized how hard it was for Tressie to give up all her girlish pursuits,' Loring remarked, gravely. 'I don't think that we even realized that she had given them up. And the management of the house was hard for her inexperience. I saw it all, after you began to show me. But you were right, Mrs. Gregory. The pleasure has been on my side, I think, in this experiment.'

'Not all of it, I am sure. But I am certain the young man who does his part in making home pleasant, will appreciate to the full the blessings of a pleasant home.'

A Plea for the Old Tree

(Sydney Dayre, in 'The Advance.')

George crossed the great meadow to the old chestnut tree. It was late in the nutting season, and he had secured the bulk of the crop a week before. Now all the boys and girls of the neighborhood were allowed to come and help themselves to the later pickings. Valuable brown nuts had still clung to the prickly burs, and were falling as Jack Frost touched them more vigorously. Merry voices and laughter reached George's ears before he came within speaking distance.

'You'd better take your fill of fun and nuts here this season,' he said, with a good-humored look around on the nut gatherers. 'This tree won't be here next fall. You'll have to go somewhere else for your chestnuts.'

A chorus of protest and lamentation arose.

'Oh, why?'

'It's been here ever since we can remember.'

'What's going to be done with it?'

'We've about decided to cut it down,' explained George.

'Well, that's too bad.' All the zest went out of the search for the brown treasures hiding themselves among the crisping fallen leaves.

In the evening George, a bright young fellow just at the age when young fellows believe themselves entering upon manhood, sat with his mother. She had the year before been left a widow, and the two, with outside hired help, were conducting the farm as best they could without the experienced head.

A knock at the door was followed by the entrance of 'Squire Wright, a man greatly beloved and respected through the whole country-side for his stalwart good sense, tempered by the gentle kindliness belonging with the true Christian. He had been guardian to George, and very deep in his heart lay the earnest desire in all things to be faithful to his trust.

After a few preliminaries and inquiry he began on what was evidently the object of his call.

'I heard some of the children saying today, George, that you were talking of cutting down the old chestnut. But I felt sure it must be a mistake.'

'No, it's not a mistake,' said George. 'We've about decided to cut it down—that is, I'm in favor of it, and mother, while she don't exactly like it, is willing to let me have my way.'

'Your way is generaly a fairly good way,' said the farmer, with a smile, 'but I'm not a bit sure it's a good way now. I think I hold with your mother in objecting to it.'

'Well, you see, 'Squire, it's just here,' said George. 'Chestnut makes pretty good lumber, and Mr. Vance, down to the factory, has offered me a good price. You know there is a small mortgage on the farm, left by the expenses of father's long illness, and I'm impatient to pay it off. The price of the chestnut will be quite a help towards it. I hate a mortgage.'

'I'm with you there,' said the 'Squire, 'but seems to me I'd try to stand it till you can work it off some other way.'

'The tree is of no special value,' said George.

'No special value!' There was a glitter of the strength which lay beneath the gentleness in the eyes which the 'Squire turned on George. 'Why, boy, what are you talking about?'

'I mean, it would do me more good in paying off the mortgage than in standing there. I get a good crop of nuts, but they don't count much.'

'You talk as if you were the only one concerned. I'm not at all sure, George, that you have a right to fell that tree.'

'It's on our ground,' said George, in a little surprise. 'It's one of the belongings of the farm. It was here when my grandfather bought.'

'Yes, it was.' There was a short silence, when the old man continued:

'How old do you suppose that tree is?'

'Folks say it must be well on to two hundred years.'

'All of that, I should say. Two hundred years in which God has sent his sunshine and rains and dew to caress and develop it, and his storms to harden it. I sometimes wonder if a tree doesn't rejoice in its youth, just as a young boy does, exulting in the seasons as they follow each other. Then it gets older, and I almost know it must rejoice in bearing its fruit and seeing the children gathering it. Two hundred years—and its branches have grown strong and it holds them out proudly, many of them as large as a good-sized tree. I'm thinking of the birds that have nested there for nearly two hundred years. Where will they go now? And the animals that have lain in its shade on a hot day. It's nearly at the intersection of three farms, you know.'

'Yes,' said George, as the Squire paused.

'The laborers for those farmers lunch there. It's a landmark for all the country round. Children seek it for their play and old eyes turn lovingly toward it. Two hundred years. And a man with an axe can lay it low in two hours.'

George met the kindly eyes with a glance denoting the stirring of new thoughts.

'I never looked at it just so, 'Squire,' he said. 'I didn't know there was so much to it.'

'There's more than that to it, my boy. The gracious Creator has put us into the world, having fitted it for our use and enjoyment. Pleasant things have come down to us from generation to generation. But we are not to forget those who are to come after us. Don't we want to leave the world a little better for having lived in it instead of marring it? We are here "to dress it and to keep it," to pass on the good things which we have found ready for our enjoyment. I don't know whose hand dropped the seed from which the chestnut grew. It turned to dust many years ago, but it left a blessing behind it. I don't want a better monument.'

''Squire, I guess you're right,' said George. 'I don't believe that that two hundred years of growth is mine to destroy.'

'I passed by Luke Miller's farm to-day,' went on the 'Squire. 'He's neglecting it—letting it run down in a shameful way. The land is being impoverished for want of proper replenishing, weeds are growing that it will take years of some one's valuable time to get out. God's world is going to be the worse for his having lived in it.'

'I won't cut the tree,' said George, and his mother's eyes shone as she said:

'Your father always loved the old chestnut.'

As with the wearing away of winter the chestnut again put on its earliest dress of tender green George gazed up into its branches with a heart full of rejoicing in its stately beauty, looking forward through the few weeks which should pass before its perfected foliage and blossoms of creamy tassels should be a thing to delight all eyes.

And with the upward look came a thought which grew into enthusiastic action. Many talks with his boy friends resulted in making Arbor Day of that good year a day long to be remembered in the neighborhood.

An epidemic of tree planting developed. The forests around were robbed of their most graceful treasures. Trees were planted in the yard of every village home and farmhouse. They were planted in the schoolyard and in the cemetery. For every birth during the past year a tree was set, and more than one reared its branches in tender memorial of eyes which had closed on earthly beauty to open on the trees of Paradise.

'You've done good work,' said 'Squire Wright, as he came in the evening. 'What you've done to-day will keep on growing while you are doing other things.'

'Yes,' said George. 'We boys wanted to do something that will make the world a little better for our being in it.'

'You're beginning young and you've taken a good way.'

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Who Told on Pat. Kennedy?

('Presbyterian Banner.')

Doubtless the readers of this journal, young and old, are familiar with the blue jay; that large, handsome and courageous, albeit a trifle noisy, bird that is such a frequent visitor to our woods and fields on the outskirts of the towns, who makes the depths of the solemn woods ring with the echo of his cheery but metallic note, as he flits from tree to tree, arrayed in his bright blue coat, with—well, no not exactly brass buttons, although he is in many ways the policeman of the woods. How so? Let me relate a little incident from which all may judge for themselves.

Not very many years ago, a young man named Carl was called to the pastorate of a church in a certain village with which I am thoroughly familiar. I knew Carl well as a student in the seminary, and as soon as I heard of his call I felt that I was justified in looking for large results from his labors, for he was thoroughly consecrated, energetic and determined. Nor was I disappointed in him, for his work soon bore fruit in quite a remarkable manner.

Now, the town was, on the whole, a law abiding and God serving one, but it had one terrible curse, nevertheless, that of the saloon. There were three of them in the place, small as it was, and one was conducted by a desperado named Kennedy, whose boast was that no one could put a stop to his business, or dared even to attempt it. All efforts hitherto made to drive away this nefarious traffic from town, though they resulted in banishing the others for a time, had never as yet succeeded in closing this man's saloon, and he was determined that none ever should.

Carl had not been in his pastorate three months before he saw that a temperance crusade was the first and most urgent need of this community, and though it might cost him endless time and trouble he determined to start one at once. With such an efficient leader at their head the better class of citizens took hold with a will, and together they waged the fiercest warfare against the saloons that the place had ever seen. All three of the dens of sin were closed, even that of the boastful and defiant Kennedy.

But on the heels of this success followed a most discouraging circumstance. With all three of the saloons closed, drunkenness continued to be quite as frequent in the town as before. Someone was still selling intoxicating liquors! Who was it? This question puzzled and discouraged the young minister not a little. Every member of his parish was assisting him to probe the mystery, but thus far all had been in vain.

One regular worshipper in Carl's congregation was a little fellow named Allan. Now Allan was very fond of all kinds of birds and animals, and of roaming the woods and fields in search of information in regard to them. Nothing could be more highly commended in a boy than the love of natural history, since it fosters and encourages a natural desire for more knowledge of the wise and good Creator. Everything offered in regard to bird lore was quickly absorbed by this young naturalist, and rarely, if ever, forgotten.

One day, soon after the events already narrated, Allan was out for a stroll in the woods among his beloved birds. During his walk his attention was attracted by a large flock of blue jays hovering over a lonely glen, screaming and scolding in their harsh tones as they flew about, but never leaving the place. All at once the dilemma which was puzzling the brain and heart of his pastor, together with a peculiar fact which his uncle once told him, regarding these birds, came into his mind. Turning about he hurried back to town in great excitement, at his very best pace, making his way directly to the parsonage, whose occupant at that very moment was seated in his study, never so near to discouragement before in all his life.

'I have found out their secret! I know I have! Come with me!' cried Allan, in a high state of exultation, as soon as he had gained admission to the minister's presence, forgetting entirely the greetings customary upon such occasions.

The young man looked at him with mingled feelings of astonishment, hope and despair. Again and again he had been baffled and disappointed in his battle with intemperance in the village. This was the first encouragement which he had received since the struggle began, and it seemed almost impossible that it could really be true, but a glance at Allan's face, radiant with confidence of success, reassured him, and, seizing his hat and cane, he followed the lad out into the street.

Allan would reveal none of the particulars of his discovery, doubtless fearing the mistrust of his companion; but bade him follow him, which he did, the two hastening in silence back across the fields into the woods, and over to the cliff which overhung the ravine where the blue jays were still noisily flocking about.

No sooner had they arrived here than the sound of voices was borne indistinctly to their ears from below. Cautiously descending through the thick underbrush, a little at a time, a sight was at last revealed to the young minister which convinced him that he had not misplaced his confidence in trusting Allan. There in the glen, with a board upon two barrels for a bar, was Kennedy, dealing out his miserable liquor to the wretched set of men gathered about, and remarking, exultingly, that his was 'jest's good es eny place he ever see yet fer his business, with the pleasant shade o' the trees thrown in.'

The two made their way back to town again as quickly as possible, taking good care that their retreating foot-steps should not be hard, or their presence suspected. The town officers were then apprised of what had been ascertained, and before sundown that night Kennedy had found that his new place of business was not as secure as he had imagined, after all.

'Who told on Pat Kennedy?' was the question which many of the men of his class asked one another, again and again, for some weeks after; but none seemed to know. As a matter of fact it was the blue jays. 'How did you know what the birds were about?' I once asked Allan.

'My uncle told me,' was his reply, 'that the blue jays were the policemen of the woods, and that if there was any liquor anywhere about, they would be sure to find it out, and gathering from far and near, raise a terrible ado until it was removed. The moment I heard them, that day in the woods, this fact recurred to me, and I knew at once that the liquor mystery of the village had been solved.'

'Votis Tunc Velis.'

(Prayers, then Sails.)

(Elizabeth Edmunds Hewitt, in 'Well-spring.')

The coat-of-arms of an English family is a full-rigged ship above the quartered shield, and below, the motto, 'Votis Tunc Velis.'

Lift thy prayer, O mariner!
To the Lord most high;
Put thy bark within His care
Who ruleth sea and sky.
All the winds, howe'er they blow,
Are in His mighty hand;
Ask Him for a favoring breeze
Toward the Happy Land.

Spread thy sails, O mariner!
Lest His winds should blow,
Finding thee all unprepared,
Onward then to go.
Crowd the canvas on the masts,
White-winged let them be;
Ready, when the Master sends
Opportunity.

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The following are the contents of the issue of Feb. 21, of 'World Wide':

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Chamberlain in Africa—'The Graphic,' London; the 'Westminster Budget,' 'Collier's Weekly,' the 'Illustrated London News.'
Mr. George Meredith on English Liberalism—'Manchester Guardian,' 'Daily Mail,' London.
The Rush to Canada—'Daily Telegraph,' London
Fencing off the World—'Review of Reviews,' Australasia.
London's Supremacy—'Daily Graphic,' London.
Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P.—By W. T. Stead, in the 'Review of Reviews.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

M. Raffaelli's Solid Oil Paints—'Manchester Guardian,' 'Daily Mail,' London.
Proposed Stage Society for Birmingham—'Birmingham Daily Post.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

The Frosted Pane—Poem, by Charles G. D. Roberts.
Like as the Thrush in Winter—Poem, by Edmond Holmes.
Union-made Poetry—The 'Evening Post,' New York.
The Value of a Margin—By Claudius Clear, in the 'British Weekly.'
The Abbé Loisy—Correspondence of 'The Pilot,' London. Abridged.
A Canterbury Tale—By Harold Begbie, in the 'Morning Post,' London.
Genius and Livelihood—'Evening Post,' New York; New York 'Times.'
James Martineau—By Dr. Fairbairn, in the 'Contemporary Review,' London.
Village Weather Prophets—'The Spectator,' London.
Not the Case in Bala Only—Letter to the 'Spectator,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Psychical Research—'Birmingham Daily Post.'
Death of Sir George G. Stokes—'Daily Telegraph,' London.
'How much, then, is a man better than a sheep?' Matt. xii., 12—'Scientific American.'
Mr Quintin Hogg's Last Letter—'Polytechnic Magazine.'

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The Ostrich.

(By Captain T. Downing, Holywood, in 'Daybreak.')

If any of the young readers of 'Daybreak' happened to swallow a button what a commotion it would cause! Now what boy or girl would imagine that there should be any creature—and above all things a bird—that should look on large, bright, brass buttons as dainty morsels? But out in far-away South Africa, there stalk through the land, with mighty strides, huge birds looking eagerly for what they can pick up, and woe betide the soldier who may perchance leave his tunic on the bank of a river while he enjoys the luxury of a swim; for if one of those birds (called the ostrich) comes that way he imagines the bright buttons on that tunic have been purposely brought from England to furnish him with dessert, and, carefully picking them off, swallows them with evident relish, so that Tommy Atkins has much to contend with in addition to his hardships and dangers of warfare.

During the recent war it has been my lot to witness many strange sights, but an incident or two in connection with the peculiar habits of these wonderful birds will be sufficient for the present. To those who have not been to the Zoo I would try and describe this bird. It has much of the appearance of a crane, but is of a very much larger size. Long legged and long necked, the body stands about six feet high, and the legs, though long and thin, are of immense strength; and with the aid of a powerful claw enable the bird to defend itself against its enemies, and prove it to be a dangerous foe. The head is small, with large bright eyes—ever keenly watching the movements of those around—always on the alert to take immediate advantage of the opportunity of depriving you of any bright substance, such as buttons, badges, or even watch chain. The neck is long and covered with down, and enables the bird to feed from the ground without discomfort.

THE OSTRICH AS HE IS

The principal use of these birds is to supply a demand created by fashion in civilized countries for feathers to be worn in ladies' hats or made into boas, so that they are kept in large numbers by the farmers who once or twice a year pluck the beautiful feathers which grow under the wing and tail.

Now having some idea of what the bird is like, picture to yourself a camp of soldiers taking a well earned rest. They have had many days' marching, and as soon as they reach camp prepare their meal of fried meat; little do they heed the stately ostrich as he walks up and down past the camp fire and, though on the other side of the wire fence, within reach of the frying pan. For a moment the cook's back is turned. Now is the chance, and with a swift thrust of his neck between the wires, a hasty gulp, and the contents of the pan are gone, whilst the bird continues his stately tread. Look what are those peculiar lumps in his neck which can be seen slowly getting lower and nearer his body—only the last visible signs of poor Tommy's hard earned dinner!

On another occasion I myself, having been permitted by a farmer friend to go in search of a buck for dinner, did not notice that in the same enclosure (or camp as they are called) was a huge ostrich. But he was not so careless, and looking upon me as an intruder, took upon himself the responsibility of my prompt ejection, and, with a back of righteous wrath, came charging towards me. Fortunately I was close to a tree, and with more haste than would appear proper to one of my years, I put as much space be-

tween the ground and my valuable person as possible. Rather disappointed at the elevation to which I had raised myself, the ostrich agreed with himself that he would wait for me to come down, so without troubling himself needlessly he continued his mid-day meal; but on the slightest movement in the tree would pause and look round with a meaning glance in his keen eye which was not to be misunderstood.

After several hours of this one-sided amusement my friend becoming anxious came out on horseback, and, finding the cause of my delay, drove the bird away and relieved me from what had, to say the least of it, been an undignified position. Henceforth (and I would ask my readers to follow my action should they ever be in the veldt in South Africa) I never enter a camp without first of all being certain that I shall not receive the unwelcomed attention of any ostrich.

Grandma's Curls.

(By Elizabeth Gould, in 'Youth's Companion.')

'All ready for the party?' said Grandma Barclay, as Marjorie danced into the room in her prettiest white frock, with her short curls bobbing up and down.

'Yes'm; but it isn't a truly party,' said Marjorie, sitting down on the little footstool close to Grandma Barclay, so that the old lady could stroke her curly head. 'It's nothing but just Cousin Elcanor's birthday time. We aren't big enough for a truly party.'

'It is convenient to have curls,' said Grandma Barclay, thoughtfully; 'especially sometimes. Perhaps you'd like to know what happened to my curls once upon a time.'

'O yes, Grandma, please" said Marjorie. 'Did your hair curl as tight as mine, and was it so—so distressful when your mamma combed it?'

'It didn't curl of itself at all,' said Grandma Barclay, 'but I wanted very much to have it look curly, so I used to have it done up in fourteen curl-papers twice a week. My dear mother did it to please me, though she liked her little straight-haired girl just as well as the curly-haired one. She had a straight-haired child in hot weather most of the time, in spite of curl-papers, tightly pinned, twice a week.

'When I went once on a visit to Great-aunt Pettingill, without my mamma, my hair had to be straight for a whole week. I was such a silly little girl that it made me quite unhappy, and when my cousin, Frances Willoughby, asked me to a children's party I begged Great-aunt Pettingill to do up my hair "just for once."

'Great-aunt Pettingill looked at me very disapprovingly over the top of her spectacles, but all she said was, "The party is at four o'clock this afternoon. If you are willing to take your dinner alone in your room, and stay there all day, I will do up your hair right after breakfast; but I can't have a child in curl-papers running over the house or outdoors."

'I promised to stay in my room, and right after breakfast my head bristled with curl-papers. It was a beautiful, sunshiny day, and all the morning I longed to be outdoors. It was not very pleasant to eat my dinner alone, and Martha, the maid, seemed inclined to laugh, I thought, when she brought it up to me on a tray.

'After dinner, when Great-aunt Pettingill was taking her nap, I felt very lonesome indeed. Martha was to come to my room to make me ready for the party at three o'clock, but that was a long, long time off, I was sure, for dinner was at twelve o'clock. I sniffed the roses and the wild grape-vines from my window, and felt more and more restless. Could there be any harm in my running down to the shell closet and spending a few minutes? The shell closet was in the best parlor, and was full of curious shells and stones that Great-uncle Pettingill, who had been a great traveller and a sea-captain, had brought home. I was allowed to go in there whenever I liked, but "not to touch."

'I ran softly downstairs, and across the parlor to the shell closet. Just opposite its door hung the long, gilt-framed mirror. How dreadfully my head did look! But I forgot everything as I stood bending down with my ear at the mouth of one of the big shells to "hear the waves inside it." Presently I heard something else—Great-aunt Pettingill's voice saying, "Come right in here, Mrs. Porter; this room is much cooler, and we must have a good, long visit together."

'It was Great-aunt Pettingill and the minister's wife! The minister's wife took a chair by the window, with her face away from the mirror. But Grand-aunt Pettingill, looking in the mirror by chance, saw the half-open closet door and my frightened face, with its encircling curl-papers.

'Somebody has carelessly left the door open,' said Great-aunt Pettingill. Then she crossed the room and shut the door tight.

'I heard the minister's wife tell Great-aunt Pettingill all about the sewing circle and a good many other grown-up things. Then they began to exchange receipts. I heard Martha go upstairs and come down again, I was quite sure. It was certainly long past the time for going to the party. I did not dare to cry for fear the minister's wife would hear. At last, when I knew it must be nearly night, she went away.

'Grand-aunt Pettingill walked slowly to the closet and opened the door. The sun was still shining, and for some reason or other Great-aunt Pettingill's eyes were twinkling.

'"Martha has just gone up to your room," she said. "You'll have to make haste, child." She never said a word about my disobedience; I think she knew I had been punished enough.'

'And you weren't late for the party, after all!' cried Marjorie.

'No,' said Grandma Barclay, soberly, 'but it was the last time I ever had my hair curl-papered. I decided it wasn't worth while.'

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LESSON XI.—MARCH 15.

Acts xix., 23-40.

Golden Text.

The Lord preserveth the faithful.—Psalm xxxi., 23.

Home Readings.

Monday, Mar. 9.—Acts xix., 21-31.
Tuesday, Mar. 10.—Acts xix., 32-41.
Wednesday, Mar. 11.—Is. xliv., 9-20.
Thursday, Mar. 12.—Is. xlv., 16-25.
Friday, Mar. 13.—Jer. x., 1-13.
Saturday, Mar. 14.—Acts xx., 1-8.
Sunday, Mar. 15.—Acts xx., 9-16.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

23. And the same time there arose no small stir about that way.

24. For a certain man named Demetrius, a silversmith, which made silver shrines for Diana, brought no small gain unto the craftsmen;

25. Whom he called together with the workmen of like occupation, and said, Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth.

26. Moreover ye see and hear, that not alone at Ephesus, but almost throughout all Asia, this Paul hath persuaded and turned away much people, saying that they be no gods, which are made with hands:

27. So that not only this our craft is in danger to be set at nought; but also that the temple of the great goddess Diana should be despised, and her magnificence should be destroyed, whom all Asia and the world worshippeth.

28. And when they heard these sayings, they were full of wrath, and cried out, saying, Great is Diana of the Ephesians.

29. And the whole city was filled with confusion: and having caught Gaius and Aristarchus, men of Macedonia, Paul's companions in travel, they rushed with one accord into the theatre.

30. And when Paul would have entered in unto the people, the disciples suffered him not.

31. And certain of the chiefs of Asia, which were his friends, sent unto him, desiring him that he would not adventure himself into the theatre.

32. Some therefore cried one thing, and some another: for the assembly was confused; and the more part knew not wherefore they were come together.

33. And they drew Alexander out of the multitude, the Jews putting him forward. And Alexander beckoned with the hand, and would have made his defence unto the people.

34. But when they knew that he was a Jew, all with one voice about the space of two hours cried out, Great is Diana of the Ephesians.

35. And when the town clerk had appeased the people, he said, Ye men of Ephesus, what man is there that knoweth not how that the city of the Ephesians is a worshipper of the great goddess Diana, and of the image which fell down from Jupiter?

36. Seeing then that these things cannot be spoken against, ye ought to be quiet and to do nothing rashly.

37. For ye have brought hither these men which are neither robbers of churches, nor yet blasphemers of your goddess.

38. Wherefore if Demetrius, and the craftsmen which are with him, have a matter against any man, the law is open, and there are deputies; let them implead one another.

39. But if ye inquire anything concerning other matters, it shall be determined in a lawful assembly.

40. For we are in danger to be called in question for this day's uproar, there being no cause whereby we may give an account of this concourse.

Paul is still at Ephesus, at the head of the Christian work there, but his Ephesian ministry is drawing to a close. The date is A.D. 56 or 57. A great work has been wrought at Ephesus, and the Gospel has been proclaimed throughout Asia Minor, and Paul was looking forward to the time when he should again visit Macedonia, Achaia, and Jerusalem, and then, as he planned, go to Rome. He sent ahead of him into Macedonia two of his faithful workers, Timothy and Erastus. Notice how wisely Paul's work was planned. He did not settle down in one place and content himself with a settled pastorate. Had he done so, his work would have been largely local, and would probably have amounted to little, so far as numbers were concerned. As it was, the apostle confined himself mainly to the great centres of life, where he could personally reach multitudes of men. In these cities there were also large numbers of people constantly coming and going, just as in our cities to-day, and they very naturally carried the story of the Saviour wherever they went. It was a new religion, and it was attracting the attention of intelligent men and women wherever it was proclaimed. The Gospel of Christ fills a great craving and hunger in men's hearts, no matter when or where they live.

In some manner an old blind Indian in Alaska heard of the Gospel, preached by a missionary, at a place far from the Indian's home. The only definite statement he had heard was, 'Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.' Immediately these words appealed to his heart, and a great desire possessed him to hear more about this Saviour, and, with a boy as a guide, this poor, old, blind Indian made the necessary journey through the Alaskan wilderness, repeating constantly, as he was led slowly along, 'Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.'

It is to be noted that people of culture and prominence in the cities were among the converts. The intelligent class had many members who were weary of the abominable idolatry of the times, and found in the purity and comfort of the Gospel a wonderful attraction. But not all believed. As the work spread it began to change the life of believers to such an extent as to affect even the business affairs of the community. The pockets of men of the world are their tender spots, and so, when Paul's work had reached the point where it interfered with a certain kind of business in Ephesus, there was an uproar straightway.

The opposition to Paul is organized.
The cause for action is set forth.
The city is thrown into commotion.
Two disciples seized.
Paul not allowed to interfere.
Great confusion in the theatre.

The church of that day and place was progressive. It did not hide its light under a bushel, nor was it careful to avoid the ill-opinions and opposition of men. The Gospel soon came to have an influence upon former worshippers of Diana that these craftsmen feared lest their business of making shrines of the goddess should be destroyed. These shrines were little models of the temple of Diana, containing images of that goddess. These were made of terra cotta, marble, bronze and silver, so that people of all conditions might possess them. They were used as objects of worship and as charms against misfortune. Their manufacture and sale constituted quite a business in itself. But now this trade was in danger, and Demetrius, who was probably the president or recognized leader of those in this sort of business, called them together and delivered an address, showing how the Gospel preached by Paul was directly destructive of the belief in Diana, both in Ephesus and in Asia Minor. The sale of these shrines was carried on beyond Ephesus, so that Paul was hurting this trade both at home and abroad. There was danger that their trade would be destroyed and that the worship of Diana would also be despised and 'her magnificence should be destroyed.' This appeal touched these craftsmen very strongly. They were filled with wrath, and the uproar was started. The cry 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians,' was that used in the festivals of the goddess.

These craftsmen, then, seemed bent upon getting hold of the men whose preaching was thus hurting their business. Lewin gives this mental picture of the scene. 'The mob of Ephesus made for the house of Aquila, with whom Paul was lodging. They missed their prey; but as Paul tells us that Aquila and Priscilla had for his life laid down their necks (Romans xvi., 4), it is likely that these faithful friends in shielding the apostle brought themselves into the most imminent peril.' Two of Paul's companions, however, were seized and rushed to the theatre. Now, Paul was a courageous man, and, finding his friends in danger, he sought to enter the theatre himself, either to plead for Gaius and Aristarchus, or else to attract the anger of the mob to himself, he being the one who was at the head of the opposition to idolatry. But the disciples prevented him, and certain public officials also urged him not to expose himself to the mob.

Meanwhile, the crowd in the theatre, or colosseum, was in great confusion, the majority not having yet learned the cause of the trouble. The Jews made an attempt to bring about order by putting forward a certain Alexander. Some have thought that this was Alexander the coppersmith, of whom Paul says, 'Alexander the coppersmith did me much evil.' But nothing was accomplished by this action, for the mob recognized Alexander as a Jew, and the fury of race prejudice was added to the original cause of the trouble, and the cry of the worshippers of Diana was kept up for about two hours.

But at last the man for the emergency appears. It was the town-clerk, who was equal to the occasion. He was the most important official in Ephesus, the one who conducted the affairs between the city and the general government at Rome. When this man had quieted the people sufficiently to be heard, he made a short address to them.

The speaker presented two points in the case: He declared that the religion of Ephesus cannot be overthrown, so that there is no call for all this excitement. Then the men brought here have done nothing against the goddess Diana. The case is one for the courts to decide, if it be a private matter; or if it concerns the people, let it be presented at the regular assembly. Now, however, he turns to another side of the question, and one that concerns the people very directly. Ephesus is a part of the great Roman Empire. If, therefore, the government at Rome were to inquire into the cause of this uproar, it might prove serious for some of those who had brought it about. Death was the punishment for causing a riot, so Demetrius and his friends were in no little danger, for they would be able to show no good reason for the disturbance. The words of the town clerk had the desired effect, for the gathering was at once dismissed.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, March 15.—Topic—What Christ teaches about judging others. Matt. vii., 1-5.

Junior C. E. Topic

JESUS' HOME LIFE.

Monday, Mar. 9.—The Bible at home. Deut. vi., 25.

Tuesday, Mar. 10.—Godliness at home. Ps. ci., 2.

Wednesday, Mar. 11.—Obedience at home. Deut. v., 16.

Thursday, Mar. 12.—Kind words at home. Prov. xii., 25.

Friday, Mar. 13.—Patience at home. 1 Pet. ii., 20.

Saturday, Mar. 14.—Unselfishness at home. Gal. vi., 2.

Sunday, Mar. 15.—Topic—What we can learn from Jesus' home life. Luke ii., 40, 51, 52.

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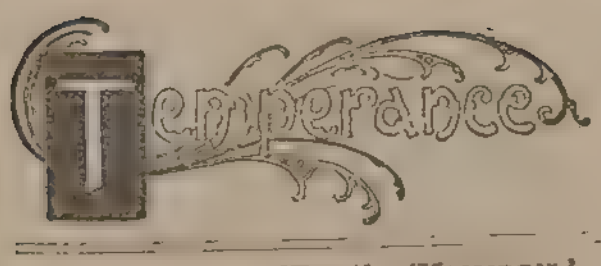

[For the 'Messenger.'

The Power of a Drink.

A TRUE STORY.

(By Susie Hunt.)

A very distressing scene was witnessed in the city of B——, a short time ago, when a poor woman was arrested for being drunk and ill-treating her baby.

This woman was very young, and it could plainly be seen that she was used to drinking, for its traces were very definitely stamped on her face. She had walked in from A—— early in the morning, and it was about five in the afternoon that she turned her steps homeward. But it seems, however, that before starting she had gone into a hotel and bought some liquor; and she had only gone a few blocks when the drink took bad effect on her, and she upset the baby carriage and fell down by the roadside.

The poor baby began to cry, and she took it up, but it could hardly be called a baby, for it was very small and sickly looking, and its little head was one mass of sores and scabs, and altogether it looked as if it was badly abused and ill-treated. Some kind-hearted woman came and gave the baby some bread and butter and milk, but this woman grabbed it and eat it, showing she was very hungry.

Shortly, a crowd began to collect, and some person sent for a policeman. He soon arrived on the spot, and helped the woman to get up. He found a bottle, partly filled with liquor, on her. She was immediately taken to the police-station, and was locked up until the stupor would have passed away.

The baby was taken care of by one of the women that witnessed the scene. It is not ascertained yet what they will do with the baby, but likely it will be put in the 'Orphans' Home.'

Thus we can see what drink reduces the natural love that God has planted in our hearts to. Why cannot the liquor traffic be blotted out? Simply because people, not only the low, but those also in high positions, will not use just a little self-sacrifice on their part; but no, they will not, even when they see all around them the distress into which liquor is bringing thousands of people.

Surely those calling themselves Christians cannot receive the reward for those who overcome. Is not this one chief and difficult sin to overcome?

Hope for the Drunkard.

(Mrs. Blanch Read in the 'Christian Guardian.')

There is only one hope for the inebriate—the salvation of the Lord Jesus. Let us bring this hope to his heart. Last year seven thousand men committed suicide in the United States because they were addicted to drink, and were in despair. Though the drunkard may have lost his power of self-control, and his good resolutions are only formed to-day to be broken before nightfall, there is a panacea. John B. Gough found it. John G. Woolley, after being reduced from a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars a year to addressing envelopes at fifteen cents a thousand, found in Christ a healing for this appetite. Thousands of men have been restored who to-day have happy homes, well-fed, well-clothed, happy little ones, little ones who once fled from their father's footstep. The gold cure may fail, but the salvation of the Lord Jesus can and does take away the very desire for drink and sin of every kind.

I know something of the struggles of the poor inebriate. Early in my experience in the rescue and prison work, I dealt personally in one year, in the city of Toronto, with one hundred and forty-four victims of this appetite. Women from all walks in life, from the daughter of the Scottish nobleman, who had lapsed and been sent from her ancestral home in disgrace, to the poor wretch, besotted and blear-eyed, picked up in a gutter in the fair Queen City of churches, after spending term after term incarcerated behind prison bars. I know this habit is a fearful thraldom; I know it destroys all that is best and sweetest, as well as noblest and strongest in the human character; I know, while under its influence, man forgets his manhood and woman her high estate. I know it weakens and blights and curses. Many a poor convict has poured the story of his struggles and failures into my ears, but there is, thank God, a restoring efficacy in divine grace, and when all human help fails, his blood can make the vilest clean. O Christian! O soldier of the cross! let us bring these poor trembling ones to him who loves them and gave himself for them. This is our duty toward them, do not despise them. Our law-makers have legalized the traffic, have allowed the snare to be set. The boys and, sad truth to say, the girls, at our homes have been entrapped, let us bring in love and sympathy to their hearts the story of him who will save unto the uttermost all who come.

Keep Chains from Being Forged.

('Illustrated Christian Weekly.')

'If I had drunk one glass of whiskey, and you were to put into another glass of whiskey poison that I knew would kill me, if you should go out of the room I would drink that whiskey in spite of everything.' This, in substance, was the utterance of a young man to one who was seeking to lead him from the evil habit of drink which he had formed. The young man had been well brought up; his father was an officer in a church, and mourned over his son's course. But the young man had become enslaved to the fatal habit to the extent indicated in his words above quoted. It was an appalling confession for anyone to make. It shows the strength of a terrible habit. Yet we suppose it but exhibits in a somewhat stronger light than usual what the slavery to intoxicants really is. What is there that can be done for such a case as this? To our view it is hopeless save as the mighty power of divine grace may lay hold upon the heart. Here is the strongest hope for the slave of the intoxicating cup. Other things may help, but nothing else can really cure. The traffic may be regulated by law, but the heart of the drunkard can be changed only by the Spirit of God. But surely much may be done in labors with the children in various ways to forestall such a fearful habit. If the chains are once fastened, it becomes very hard to strike them off. In many sad cases they are never stricken off. The part of Christian wisdom is to do everything possible to keep these awful chains from being forged or fastened.

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Correspondence

Eel River.

Dear Editor,—I go to school, and am in the VIII. grade. My home is in Campbellton, but I am now visiting a friend. We are having a very good time. One of my friends in Campbellton got quite a few signatures for the temperance pledge. I was away on a visit this summer to my grandma's, who lives about three hundred miles from my home; they live on a farm, and we had great fun trying to make hay. I have no pets except a large dog. The friend with whom I am visiting gave him to me when he was about two months old; he had five little brothers, and he was the first one among them that barked.

'ROSEBUD.'

Otonabee, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am ten years old. My birthday is on the thirteenth of July. We had a Christmas tree up at the church on Christmas eve. The children of the school all took part in singing and reciting that could. We enjoyed it very much. The tree was well loaded. I got a pocket-book, a testament and a Christmas card. I am in the fourth book at school, and my brother just got into the second book this Christmas. We have to walk two miles to school. When the snow is deep, Pa drives us there. We get 'Pleasant Hours' and 'Dew Drops' in Sunday-school. It is three miles to church. PEARL B.

Westport.

Dear Editor,—Westport is a small village on the western coast of Nova Scotia; the number of inhabitants is between eight and nine hundred. There are two lights, one situated on the north point, and the other on the western end of the island, near a fog whistle. There are two churches in the place. I attend the Baptist, our preacher's name being Rev. Richard Kemp. I go to school, and am in the ninth grade. My teacher's name is Mr. Harlow. I have four brothers and one sister. My youngest brother is studying for a 'B' certificate and my sister is studying for a 'C.' One of my brothers takes the 'Weekly Witness,' and thinks it an excellent paper. My birthday is on the tenth of December.

INA L. G. (age 13).

Cornhill, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I like to read the letters in the 'Messenger' from different parts, and seeing none from this part of the country, I thought I would write. We live on a farm. I go to school, and am in the second reader. I have one sister, and she goes to school too. I was ten years old on the ninth of January. The schoolhouse is only about one hundred and fifty rods from our house, so you see I have not far to go. The schoolhouse is at the corner, and there are also one store, two blacksmith shops, one wheelwright shop, and one cheese factory. The church is about one hundred rods from the corner. For pets I have one old cat named Tab; she is eleven years old. I also have one little kitten, whose name is Tim. He will sit on mamma's shoulder while she is eating. I have one white rabbit and three pigeons. We have nine cows, one of them being an old Jersey. She is a great pet, and I always lead her home at night with my arm over her neck. Papa sends his milk to the cheese factory, for everybody here sells their milk. Cornhill made about eighty tons of cheese this summer, besides butter, as they have a butter plant too. INEZ B.

Glen Norman, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eleven years old, and my birthday is on the 30th of April. I am going to tell you about my visit to Merrickville. I visited my uncle Norman's; I only stayed four days, but enjoyed my visit very much. It is seventy-five miles from here, but as they moved to Smith's Falls they live eighty-five miles from here. The Saturday evening that I was there a soldier came home from South Africa. The band played 'The Maple Leaf Forever,' 'God Save the King' and several other pieces. Then they made speeches, and after that they presented the soldier with a gold watch, which he said

he would keep as long as he lived. Nearly every person in the village was out. I go to school, and I am in the fourth book. I like to go to school, and my favorite study is dictation. We have taken the 'Messenger' for four years, and I could not do without it. This is my second letter.

ANNIE MAY. D.

Dalkeith, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Since I saw my last letter in print, I thought I would write again. I go to school. I am in the third reader. I tried the examination, but I was three marks short. I hung up my stocking at Christmas, and got a doll, a silk handkerchief, twenty-five cents, pencil-box, some oranges, candies and nuts, and quite a few presents besides. I get the 'Northern Messenger,' and I think it is the nicest paper I ever read. Our teacher left us, and we are going to get a Miss Cameron. Wishing all a bright and happy new year.

ETTA MacL.

Uffington, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am twelve years old, and my birthday is on July 9. I am a clergyman's daughter, and go to school, which is only a few steps away. I live near Muskoka, where tourists come every summer. Muskoka river is about a mile from here. In summer I go bathing and boating. Last summer my sister and myself were away on vacation, and had a very pleasant time, but nearly missed the train (coming home), and had to run to catch it, and just as we got on the steps it started.

GRACE G.

Upper Burton, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I go to school, and am reading in the second reader. Our teacher's name is Miss McGrand. I have a little baby brother, and his name is Lee Roy. He is four months old, and I think he is the prettiest baby I ever saw. My sister takes the 'Messenger,' and I like to read the correspondence page. I go to Sunday-school in summer. I had a merry Christmas. Santa Claus brought me some nice presents. Grandma and my cousin Alexia spent Christmas with us. I am glad that there are so many helpers in the temperance crusade. My sister is one of the helpers. Two of my sisters belong to the temperance lodge in Mangerville. I am eight years old.

AMY MAY Y.

Denver, Col.

Dear Editor,—We went to Washington in April, and on our way passed through the Royal Gorge. The mountains were so close together that only room enough remained for a railway and a rushing stream. We stopped at Salt Lake City, and saw the Mormons' temple and Brigham Young's statue. The yard in which the temple stands has the green house, synagogue, a tall house in which the Mormons enter and then pass through a tunnel into the temple. We saw many large ships at Whatcom, where we stayed six months. I am thirteen years old.

ALLETTA J.

Lower Litchfield, Que.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm between two villages, three miles from Portage-du-Fort, and five miles from Bryson. I have two brothers and three sisters. The eldest sister is married, and she has a sweet little baby girl, seven months old, whose name is Lila Durrell. I am spending a week of my Christmas holidays with her. They are busy preparing for thirty men, who are coming to cut timber in my brother-in-law's bush. We had quite a number of people for our New Year's dinner, and were to have a Christmas tree that night in St. Andrew's church, but, owing to illness and several deaths in the neighborhood, we had to put it off, and intend to have an entertainment during the winter. I go to school, and am in the highest grade. I received the temperance pledge roll, and am trying to get signers. Wishing it every success,

NELLIE O.

Mitchell Square, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I will try to describe this place. I think how it came to get its name was in this way:—A man by the name of Mr. Mitchell built a large square building three stories high, and in one part he kept a general store, and ever since the post-office has been kept here it has been called Mitchell Square. My father came here eighteen years ago, and bought Mr. Mitchell out, and so ever since he has owned the place. We live about three miles north-west of Lake Simcoe. Our nearest railway station is Hawkstone, which is five miles away. There is a church and blacksmith's shop close by, with quite a few farm houses, and also another church and schoolhouse a mile away. Then there is a saw mill, with half-a-dozen farm houses near by and a grist mill about two and a half miles away. There is a good fresh water creek running at the back of our place, which affords much pleasure bathing and fishing in the summer, and good skating in the winter. I am fond of skating, although I cannot skate backwards or do any tricks on skates; but I can skate pretty fast. There also are two good hills for sleigh riding, at which I spend most of my time when I am not working. I spent some of my time the first week of my Christmas holidays building a snow house out of blocks of hard snow, which I cut out with a saw. On Christmas day I was skating most of my time. The second week of the holidays I made a sail for my sleigh, which works well. I had a rather rough slide once, for the wind was blowing hard, and I had made a little sail to go up above my big one. I was just trying it to see if it would make me go any faster. When I reached the place where I was going to start from, I hoisted both sails as high as they would go, and then sat on behind waiting for a gust of wind to come. I did not wait long, for a big one came and soon made my sleigh go. It more than went, and before I knew what I was doing the sleigh ran into a stone pile and upset and sent me head-first into the sail. I got up and put things back in their places before I went farther. I then ran into another stone, which broke my sail, so I went home to repair, and made a hole in the sail, so that I could look ahead and see if there were any stones in the road, and if so, I could stop the sleigh. I spent my holidays happily, and I hope that all other boys and girls spent theirs the same.

ROY M. (age 10).

HOUSEHOLD.

Useful Hints.

Irons should not be allowed to become red hot, as they will never retain the heat properly afterward.

Silken fabrics, especially white silk handkerchiefs, should not be dampened, but ironed with a moderately warm iron when taken from the line.

Bread should not be covered with a cloth when taken from the oven, but laid on the side and allowed to become perfectly cold.

Put a little lemon juice or vinegar in the kettle which cauliflower or cabbage is boiled in. It will serve to keep them white while cooking. It also whitens and keeps firm fish-meat.

Windows wiped with a sponge dipped in alcohol will not become frosty in cold weather. Paper rolled into the form of a cone will protect plants from freezing unless the room gets very cold.

Never use a feather duster in removing dust from furniture. A damp cloth takes up all particles and retains them. To flirt the dust off is only to cause it to settle again upon something else.

Selected Recipes

Stewed Meat.—A celebrated cook gives the following advice concerning the preparation of that most economical and nutritious dish—a stew: 'A stew is prepared with a less quantity of water than is used in making soups, and cooked at a moderate heat for a longer time. As a part of the nutriment is to be left in the meat, you do not cut it small, as for soups; cut into pieces convenient for serving. Put the bones, gristly bits and the poorer parts of the lean meat into cold water. This draws out the richness and gives added nutritive value to the broth. When the water boils skim out the waste portions and add the tender portions, then the juices are kept in them. By slow simmering, not by fierce boiling, the fibres are softened and the coarsest and cheapest kinds of meat are made tender and nutritious. Pieces of meat from the shin, the aitch-bone, the flank, the neck, and the shoulder are suitable for stews, but the shin is the richest; it has so much marrow in the bone. Fowls, the tougher parts of mutton, lamb and veal may all be used in stews.'

Do Not Guarantee Advertising.

'Would you kindly let me know through your valuable paper if you consider the offer made by the ——— ———, to be a genuine offer.

'Old Subscriber.'

The publishers cannot guarantee advertising. They do, however, exercise extraordinary precautions to protect their readers from advertisers whose intention is inimical to their interests, either morally, physically, or financially. The 'Witness' sacrifices many thousand dollars annually in keeping out such advertising.

It must be remembered, however, that it is not always possible to know in advance the intentions of an advertiser, or the value of his wares. It must also be remembered that what is one man's meat is another man's poison, and what gives great satisfaction to one, displeases another. It is a good rule to remember that the greater the chance of gain, and the greater the chance of loss go hand in hand, and that it is never wise to take chances with more than one can afford to lose. Hence, the more speculative investments should be left to those who have something and to spare. After every precaution is exercised by the publishers, it still remains to the individual reader to use his own good judgment, based on such investigations as he may think fit to make.

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Three or more copies, separately addressed, 25c each.

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WANTED, YOUNG WOMAN OF EDUCATION and refinement, to assist with light household duties, and care and teaching of young children, where general servant is kept; good wages and comfortable home; city in winter; country in summer; only such as are conscientious and willing, will please address G L., 37, 'Witness' Office.

Write for Announcement of the **Northern Business College**, Owen Sound, Ontario, the leading College in the Dominion. C.A. Fleming, Principal

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FREE SWEET TONED AUTOHARP

Made of selected California redwood handsomely polished, 23 silver strings and 3 bars, producing 3 chords. This popular instrument complete with music rack, picks, full instructor and 16 selections, given for selling at **10c.** each only **15** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds.** Each package is beautifully decorated in **12** colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. They are wonderful sellers. **Everybody buys.** Mrs. A. E. Logan, St. John, N.B., said: "I sold all the seeds in a few minutes. They went like hot cakes." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. J. Trafford, Indian Head, N.W.T., said: "I am more than delighted with my Autoharp. It has a very sweet tone and all my friends think it just splendid." Address: The Prize Seed Co., Dept. **433** Toronto.

FORTUNE TELLER FREE

A marvellous invention. It will tell your fortune and answer every question you ask it. If you wish to know whether fortune or misfortune awaits you, if you are to marry or not, or anything else that now puzzles you, just direct your thought and conversation to this Magic Fortune Teller, and everything will be made clear. You can talk to it as though it were a living being, and it will answer without an instant's delay. We give this wonderful machine for selling at **15c.** each only 7 Canadian Home Cook Books. These Books are nicely printed, beautifully bound, and each contains 739 choice recipes. **Every housekeeper buys one.** Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Cook Books postpaid. Don't delay. Home Specialty Co., Dept. 452, Toronto.

PICTURES ON CREDIT

—NO SECURITY ASKED—

We send you **15** large beautifully colored pictures, each 16x22 inches named "The Angels Whisper," "The Family Record," "Christ before Pilot," "Rock of Ages." These pictures are handsomely finished in **12** colors and could not be bought for less than 50c. each in any store. You sell them for 25c. each, send us the money, and for your trouble we send you a handsome gold-finished **Double Hunting Case** Watch, lady's or Gent's size, richly and elaborately engraved in solid gold designs, with stem wind and set, accurately adjusted reliable imported movement. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail you the pictures postpaid, also our large illustrated Premium List showing dozens of other valuable prizes. Address, Home Art Co., Dept. **408** Toronto.

BEAUTIFUL PRESENTS FREE

GIRLS! We trust you with **10** large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at **10c.** each. For your trouble we will give you a beautiful gold finished **Opal Ring** also a **Gold** or **Silver** composition, full size curb chain **Bracelet.** Remember, you get **both the Ring and Bracelet** for selling only **10** packages. **Everybody buys our Seeds.** They are the easiest sellers ever handled. Mary Speeles, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the seeds sold. They went like wildfire." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the seeds postpaid. A 50c. certificate free with each package. **Dominion Seed Co.,** Dept **451** Toronto.

BOY'S PRINTER

A complete printing office, three alphabets of rubber type, bottle of best indelible ink, type holder, self-inking pad, and type tweezers. You can print 500 cards, envelopes, or tags in an hour and make money. Price, with instructions, **12c.**, postpaid. The Novelty Co., Box 61 Toronto.

Earn This WATCH

With polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and keyless Wind, Imported works, by selling only 15 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** Percy Bell, Little Rapids, Ont., said: "The seeds sold like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. Don't delay. Edward Gilbert, Petrolea, Ont., says: "I received my watch in good condition. It is a daisy and I am very much pleased with it." **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 462 TORONTO, Ont.**

BARGAIN SALE

Remnants of SILK RIBBONS almost FREE

We have recently purchased several Thousand Dollars worth of Ribbon Remnants, in London, England, much below the actual cost of manufacture. We are thereby enabled to offer the lady readers of this paper **an immense bargain** in choice Ribbons. They are all from **one to three yards in length,** and some **3 inches wide.** Amongst these Ribbons are some of the very finest quality, Crown Edge, Gros-Grain, Moire, Picot Edge, Satin Edge, Silk Brocades, Striped Ottoman and various other plain and fancy styles, in a variety of fashionable colors, **all shades and widths,** suitable for Bonnet Strings, Neckwear, Trimmings for Hats and Dresses, Bows, Scarfs, etc., etc. All first class. No lady can purchase such fine Ribbons as these at any store in the land for many times our price. **Don't miss this Bargain. Mrs. W. Gallagher, East Clifton, Que., says:** "I consider your Ribbons the cheapest Bargain I ever got." Price, per box, only 35c., or 3 boxes for 90c. postpaid. Millinery Supply Co., Box N. S., Toronto.

$4.00 TRAINS ON TRACKS FREE

Locomotive, tender, 4 cars and track made of metal rails. The locomotive is complete in all its parts, is beautifully ornamented and the tender and cars are finished in bright, attractive colors and can be coupled together just like a real train. We have only a few dozen samples of these special Trains, ranging in price from $2.00 to $4.00 each. The more expensive ones have **Bridges, Tunnels, Switches, 4 Cars,** extra fine tracks and are elaborately finished throughout. We are anxious to clear out this small stock at once and will give one of these expensive trains absolutely free if you will sell only 1½ doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds for us at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Nothing sells like them.** P. J. Lewes, Moosejaw, Assa., said: "I sold all the Seeds in 10 minutes on my way home from the postoffice." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the seeds postpaid. The most expensive train will of course be given to the person ordering first and so on as long as the samples last. Order at once and the $4.00 Train may be yours. The Dominion Seed Co., Dept. 431½ Toronto.

GIRLS! TAKE ME I AM FREE

I want a mamma. Don't you want a pretty dollie? I can talk. I say "Papa" and "Mamma." And I can cry, too, like any baby. I have golden curls, **blue eyes,** rosy cheeks, pearly teeth and a lovely complexion. They say I am as pretty as a picture and I can take. You never saw a doll that could do that, did you? But the best of it is you can get me without spending one cent. All you have to do is to sell at **10c.** each only **15** packages of Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders. One package equals 25c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. Everybody buys. A 50c. certificate free with each package. Bessie Spencer, Holloway, Ont., said: "Everybody bought the powders and thought they were splendid." **Girls, I want a mamma and I know you want a pretty Talking Doll.** Write a **post card** to the **STANDARD FLAVORING CO.,** Toronto, Dept 435. They will send you the Powders to sell.

FREE PARLOR ACCORDEON

With 8 nickel keys, 2 sets reeds, mahogany-finished case with ebonized trimmings and gilt decorations **given** for selling at **10c.** each only 1 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds. Each package is beautifully decorated in 12 colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They sell easily everywhere.** Gertrude M. Reid, Seaforth, Ont., said: "I sold all the Seeds in a few minutes. They went very fast." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Daniel R. McLean, Pictou Island, N.S., said: "I received my Accordeon and think it is an excellent Premium. It is equal to any $5.00 instrument to be had in the market." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 433 TORONTO ONT**

STEREOSCOPE FREE

Finely made, with nicely varnished frame, polished black hoods and clear powerful lenses through which the views appear like scenes in actual life. Given for selling at **10c.** each only **6 Glass Pens.** These Pens are made entirely of glass. They never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** B. Criger, Welland, Ont., says, "I sold the Pens in a few minutes. They went like hot cakes." A 50c. Certificate free with each Pen. Write us a **Post Card** for Pens to-day. Sell them, return the money and we will send your stereoscope with a fine assortment of views. **The Pen Co. Dept. 461, Toronto.**

FREE LANTERN AND ENGINE

Splendid Magic Lantern with powerful lenses showing dozens of pictures in colors and Real Steam Engine with brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and fly wheel, and Russian iron burner compartment, **given** for selling only **1 doz.** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties, of every imaginable color. **You can sell 3 and 4 packages in every house.** A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Seeds postpaid. When sold return $1.20 and we will forward immediately **both the Lantern and Engine. The DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT 459 TORONTO, ONT.**

WE TRUST YOU

With 2 doz. large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at **10c.** each. For your trouble we will give you a beautiful little Watch with Gold hands on which a large rose with buds and leaves is elegantly enamelled in seven colors. Etta Robinson, Powassan, Ont., says: "My watch is a perfect beauty." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. A 50c. Certificate free with each package. Gracie Brown, Cheverie, N.S., said: "I sold all the Seeds in a few minutes." **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 468 TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

WE TRUST YOU

With **15** large, beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at **10c.** each. When sold return $1.50 and we will immediately send you this **elegant Fur Scarf,** 3 ft. 6 in. long, 5 in. wide, made of selected full furred skins, with 6 fine full black tails. A handsome, stylish fur, fully equal in appearance to the most expensive Fur Scarf, and just as warm and comfortable. Ethel Austen, St. Catharines, Ont., said: "I cannot express my thanks for the Ruff. It is just beautiful." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will mail the Seeds postpaid. A 50c. certificate free with each package. Mrs. A. Logan, St. Johns, N.B., said: "The Seeds went like hot cakes." Address: **The DOMINION SEED CO., Dept. 427, Toronto, Ont.**

Earn This Watch

with polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and keyless wind, imported works, by selling at **10c.** each only **15 Glass Pens.** These pens are made entirely of glass. They never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** M. E. Bush, Rose Island, Ont., says: "The Pens sell like hot cakes. Everyone is pleased with them." A 50c. certificate free with each Pen. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the pens postpaid. Don't delay. Edward Gilbert, Petrolea, Ont., says: "I received my watch in good condition. It is a daisy and I am very much pleased with it." **Pen Co.,** Dept. 462, Toronto.

SEEDS ON CREDIT.

We trust you with **6** large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at **10c.** each. When sold, return 60c., and we will send you this handsome **Opal Ring** made of Solid Gold Alloy, set with three large beautiful opals that show all the colors of the rainbow. This is an exceedingly handsome ring and cannot be told from a real opal even by an expert. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. Gracie Brown, Cheverie, N.S., said: "I sold all the seeds in a few minutes." A 50c. certificate free with each package. **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 466 TORONTO.**

FREE STEAM ENGINE

Makes 300 Revolutions in a minute. Easy running, swift and powerful. Strongly made of steel and brass, handsomely nickel plated. Has belt wheel, steam whistle and safety valve, iron stand, brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and Russian iron burner compartments. Boys! this big, powerful Steam Engine is free to you for selling only 9 large, beautifully colored packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at **10c.** each. **Everybody buys them.** Roy Butler, Wilsonville, Ont., said: "I sold the seeds in a few minutes. People said they were fine." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Order now, as we have only a limited quantity of these special Engines on hand. Arnold Wiseman, Kirkton, Ont., said: "My Engine is a beauty and a grand premium for so little work. **PRIZE SEED CO., Dept. 434 Toronto**

George Clark WILL GIVE YOU THIS RING

Solid Gold finished, set with Rubies and Pearls, **FREE** for selling 4 of my large Art Pictures at the reduced price of 25 cents. All different. No trouble to sell these pictures, they are handsome art productions, done in 10 to 17 colors, originals costing 200 to 500 dollars. The first four you meet will gladly take them at 25 cents to help you win the premium. The Ring guaranteed worth many times this small service, but want to introduce my pictures at once. Send No Money in advance. I trust you and will send the pictured representing 4 different and beautiful scenes, all charges paid, immediately on receipt of name from you. **GEO. O CLARK, Esr. Dept 480, Toronto**

Genuine Columbia Phonograph

Given for selling only 2 doz. large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at 10c. each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** Wm. McKee, Pugwash, N.S., said: "I sold all the seeds in 15 minutes." A 50c. certificate free with each package. This wonderful instrument is made by the famous Columbia Phonograph Co., of New York and Paris. With it we send five selections as follows: Speech; "Song of Sixpence;" "The Mocking Bird;" Imitations of Robins, Tree Toads, Turkeys, Chickens, Ostriches, etc., and Cornet Solo, "Dixie Land." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. M. Payne, Brimston's Corners, Ont., says: "I think my Graphophone is a splendid premium for so little work." **The Dominion Seed Co., Dept. 415 Toronto, Ont.**

COMBINATION KNIFE AND TOOL SET

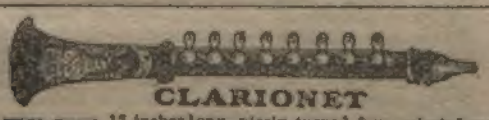
Given for selling only 9 large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at 10c each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties of every imaginable color. Harry Smith, Sydney, C.B., said: "I sold all the seeds in 5 minutes. They went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. This magnificent Knife is a complete Tool Chest in itself, consisting of 1—Screw Driver, 2—Nut Cracker, 3—Hoof Cleaner, 4—Punch, 5 Cork Screw, 6—Tweezers, 7—Prob, 8—Big Blade, 9—Little Blade. This is a strong, well-finished Knife, made in Sheffield, England, of the best quality English steel with stag handle and name plate. G. Mitchell, Planingenet, Ont., says: "I must say my Knife is a splendid Premium. My friends all say it is a beauty." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Seeds postpaid. Sell them, return 90c., and we will immediately forward your Knife. Address, **The Dominion Seed Co., Dept. 458 Toronto.**

FREE LANTERN AND ENGINE

Splendid Magic Lantern with powerful lenses showing dozens of pictures in colors and Real Steam Engine with brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and fly wheel, and Russian iron burner compartment, **given** for selling at 10c. each only **1 doz. Glass Pens.** These Pens are made entirely of Glass. They never rust, never wear out, and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** A 50c. certificate free with each Pen. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Pens postpaid. When sold return $1.20 and we will forward immediately **both** the **Lantern and Engine. THE PEN CO., Dept. 459, TORONTO, Ont.**

FREE ENAMELLED WATCH

for men or boys. Handsome Silver Nickel case on which a Deer is elegantly enamelled, the rich brown fur and delicate coloring making the whole design absolutely true to life. A very beautiful and a thoroughly reliable watch that answers every purpose of the most expensive timepiece, given for selling only 1½ doz. large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at 10c. each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. Harry Smith, Sydney, C.B., said: "I sold all the Seeds in five minutes. They went like wildfire." A 50c. Certificate free with each package. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will mail the Packages postpaid. Don't delay. Wm. Frankoski, Shoal Lake, Man., says: "I received the Watch and am more than delighted with it. It is a splendid timekeeper and also a handsome watch." Address: **The Dominion Seed Co., Dept 464 Toronto.**



CLARIONET

FREE 13 inches long, nicely turned from selected wood, beautifully finished, with 8 nickel keys. Given for selling only 10 large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at 10c. each. **Everybody buys them.** Roy Lupply, Rosswood, Man., said: "I sold all the Seeds in a few minutes. They went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **Post Card** and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Sell them, return $1.60, and we will send this Sweet-toned Clarionet, with complete instructor and a large collection of popular pieces. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., DEPT. 422, TORONTO**

FREE Beautiful Gold Finished **Opal Ring** and **Gold** or **Silver** composition full size Curb Chain **Bracelet given free** for selling at 15c. each only **7 Canadian Home Cook Books.** These Books are nicely printed, beautifully bound, and each contains **739** Choice Recipes. **Every housekeeper buys one.** A 50c. Certificate free with each Book. Send us a **Post Card** to-day and we will mail the Cook Books postpaid. Sell them, return $1.05, and we will forward **both** the **Opal Ring and Bracelet.** Don't miss this chance but write at once. **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 451, Toronto, Ont**

CHOICE CHINA AND CUT GLASS FREE

BOOKS ON CREDIT. WE TRUST YOU.

We have just published a splendid collection of 739 recipes which we are anxious to get introduced into all parts of this country. To make it possible for everyone to own a copy we have put the price down to 15c. a copy, though our Canadian Home Cook Book is in many respects superior to books sold at from 50c. to $1.00. To secure an enormous sale for our book we give 20 pieces of decorated English china, 6 pieces of imitation cut glass and an English jet ware teapot to every lady who will sell only 20 Cook Books for us at 15c. each. Write us **a post card** and we will send the books postpaid. Sell them, return the $3.00, and we will send you carefully packed all of the following: 6 cups, 6 saucers, 6 tea plates, English china, fancy edge and beautiful colored decorations; 2 English china cake plates, gold lined with fancy edge and raised ornamentations; 1 cream jug, 1 spoon holder, 1 butter dish, with lid, 1 sugar bowl, with lid, in handsome imitation cutglass, and one beautifully designed English jet ware teapot and lid, with pretty pink and gold decorations. All these 28 pieces are full size and are given for selling only 20 of our Cook Books at 15c. each. We trust you with the Cook Books. Mrs. Canning, Montague, N.S., said: "I had great success selling your Cook Books. Everyone was delighted with them." Though our Cook Book is out only 2 months, we have already sold over 40,000 copies, and the demand is becoming greater every day. We expect to sell 500,000 copies. Nothing sets off a table like brilliant glassware and handsome china and You can get every piece shown in this picture absolutely free. Write to-day. Home Specialty Co., Dept. 493, Toronto.

The above picture illustrates four well-known parts of a gun. To every boy who is able to name the different parts, and who sends us the answer, will be given, absolutely Free, a fine All-Steel Long-Distance Air Rifle, with handsomely nickel-plated barrel, trigger guard and side plates, improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock. Just what every boy needs. Always ready for Rats, Sparrows, Squirrels, etc. It does not cost you one cent to answer this advertisement. Don't delay a moment, but study the picture carefully, and if you are clever and smart enough to make out the names of the different parts, write us at once. There is only one other condition necessary to be complied with before you become entitled to one of these handsome Rifles, of which we shall write you as soon as your answer is received. This condition is very simple, in fact it is merely a slight favor which we would like you to do for us. It will not cost you one cent, and will not take up more than a few minutes of your spare time. Write at once. **THE ENTERPRISE CO., Rifle Dept. 499, Toronto.**

FREE VIOLIN

Powerful, Sweet-toned Violin, full size, Stradivarius model, made of selected wood, with highly polished top, inlaid edges and ebony finished trimmings, given for selling at 15c. each only **10 Diamond Collar Buttons** with richly engraved gold finished tops set with large sparkling Electric Diamonds. A 50c. certificate free with each Button. Gordon C. Hoan, Chantlers Ont., says: "I had no trouble selling the Collar Buttons. Everyone thinks they are cheap and pretty." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Buttons postpaid. N. McKenzie, Whitewood, B.C., says: "I am well pleased with my Violin. Everyone that sees it says it is worth $5.00." Write at once. **Gem Novelty Co., Dept. 423 Toronto.**

FUR SCARF FREE

Soft, warm, glossy black, 3 ft. 6 inches long, 5 inches wide, made of selected full furred skins with 6 fine full tails. A handsome, stylish fur, given free for selling at 10c. each only 15 packages of Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders. One package equals 20c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. **Every housekeeper buys them.** A 50c. certificate free with each package. Mrs. J. Eastcott, Shoal Lake, Man., says: "I sold my Flavoring Extracts in a few minutes. I can sell it just as fast as you can handle it." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Flavoring Powders postpaid. Don't delay. Mary Murphy, McPhail, Ont., says: "I am delighted with my fur. Everyone thinks it is beautiful." **Standard Flavoring Co.,** Dept. 447 Toronto.

$3.00 LOCOMOTIVE FREE.

Real Steam Locomotives, regular flyers, with polished brass boilers, iron steam chests, and steel pistons attaching to both driving wheels, alcohol reservoirs with double burners and shrill whistles. Each Locomotive comes complete with measuring tin, alcohol burner, funnel, etc., and complete directions, and is given for selling only **one dozen large beautifully colored packages of Sweet Pea Seeds** at 10c. each. **Everybody buys them.** Roy Butler, Wilsonville, Ont., said: "I sold the Seeds in a few minutes. People said they were fine." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. We have only a few samples of these Locomotives that were sent to us from the largest factories in Germany, but as they are too expensive for us to handle (some of them being worth $3.00 cash) we wish to get rid of them as soon as possible. Of course, the best Locomotive will be given to the person ordering first, and soon until the samples are all used. Address **THE PRIZE SEED CO., DEPT. 430, TORONTO, ONT.**

FREE ENAMELLED WATCH

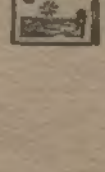
for men or boys. Handsome Silver Nickel case on which a Deer is elegantly enamelled, the rich brown fur and delicate coloring making the whole design absolutely true to life. A very beautiful and a thoroughly reliable watch that answers every purpose of the most expensive timepiece given for selling at 10c. each only **1½ doz. Glass Pens.** These Pens are made entirely of Glass. They never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** M. R. Bush, Rose Island, Ont., says: "The Pens sell like hot cakes. Everyone is pleased with them." A 50c. Certificate free with each Pen. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will mail the Pens postpaid. Don't delay. Wm. Frankoski, Shoal Lake, Man., says: "I received the Watch and am more than delighted with it. It is a splendid timekeeper and also a handsome watch." Address **THE PEN CO., DEPT. 464, TORONTO.**

FREE SWEET TONED AUTOHARP

Made of selected California Redwood, handsomely polished with 15 silver strings and 5 bars producing 3 chords, for selling only 15 large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at 10c. each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. H. Smith, Sydney, C.B., said: "I sold all the Seeds in five minutes." A 50c. Certificate free with each package. Write us a **Post Card** to-day, and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. Sell them return $1.50 and we will immediately forward your Autoharp with music rack, pick, full instructor and 16 selections. Write at once. **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 407 TORONTO**

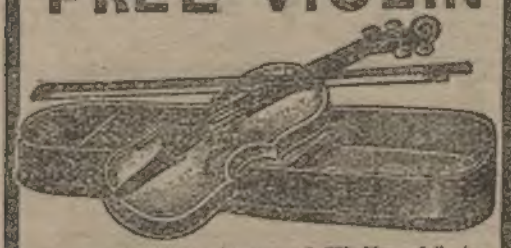
FREE SOLID GOLD RING

Genuine Precious Stones, **Pearls, Turquoise** and **Garnets,** set in a **beautifully engraved real Solid Gold Ring,** given for selling at 15c. each only 7 Canadian Home Cook Books. These books were never before sold for less than 25c. They are nicely printed, beautifully bound, and each contains **739** choice recipes. With each Cook Book we give a 50c. certificate free. **Every housekeeper buys one.** J. Baxter, Sherbrooke, Que., said: "I never saw anything sell so quickly as your Cook Books." Send us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Cook Books postpaid. A. Goodick, Sandy Point, N.S., said: "I received the Gold Ring, and am more than glad and satisfied with it. All my friends think it a beauty." **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 454, Toronto.**



110 for 10 cents This book contains one hundred and ten of the best humorous recitations, embracing the Negro, Yankee, Irish, and Dutch dialects, both in prose and verse, as well as humorous compositions of every kind and character. Sent postpaid for 10c. Johnston & Co., Box 401, *Toronto.*

FREE VIOLIN



Powerful, Sweet-toned Violin, full size, Stradivarius model, made of selected wood, with highly polished top, inlaid edges and ebony finished trimmings, given for selling at **10c.** each only **15** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds.** Each package is beautifully decorated in **12** colors and contains 42 of the rarest prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They are hot sellers.** Everybody buys. Harry Smith, Sydney, C.B., said: "I sold all the Seeds in 5 minutes. They went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. N. McKenzie, Whitewood, B.C., says: "I am well pleased with my Violin. Everyone that sees it says it is worth $5.00." **Dominion Seed Co.,** Dept 423.

FREE SOLID GOLD RING

Genuine Precious Stones, **Pearls, Turquoise** and **Garnets,** set in a **beautifully engraved real Solid Gold Ring,** given for selling only 10 large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They are wonderful sellers. Everybody buys.** Mrs. A. Logan, St. John, N.B., said: "I sold all the Seeds in a few minutes. They went like hot cakes." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Seeds postpaid. A. Goodick, Sandy Point, N.S., said: "I received the Gold Ring, and am more than glad and satisfied with it. All my friends think it a beauty." **The PRIZE SEED CO., DEPT. 454, TORONTO.**

TELEPHONE 15c.

A perfect Telephone, made of metal with strong sensitive transmitters, two tubes, a talking and hearing tube, and an ample supply of sensitized cord. With this instrument the lowest whispers can be heard distinctly at long distances. Put up a line between different rooms of your house, out to the barn or across the way to your neighbors. Be up-to-date. Price, postpaid, only 15c. or 2 sets for 25c. The Novelty Co., Dept. 401, Toronto

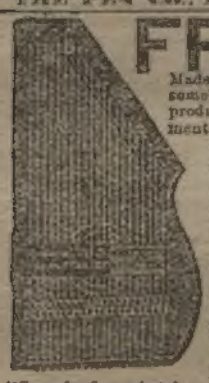
FREE KNIFE

Beautiful **Pearl-handled four-bladed Knife** of best quality highly tempered steel, burnished bolsters and brass lining, given for selling only **6** large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. **Everybody buys them.** Roy Lupply, Rosewood, Man., said: "I sold all the seeds in a few minutes. They went like wild fire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., DEPT. 417, Toronto.**

FREE PARLOR ACCORDEON

With 8 nickel keys, 2 sets of reeds, mahogany finished case with ebonized trimmings and gilt decorations **given** for selling at **10c.** each only **10** Glass Pens. These wonderful Pens are made entirely of Glass. They never rust, never wear out, and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** A 50c. certificate free with each Pen. S. Wilton, Shoal Lake, Man., says: "I received my Accordeon and am quite delighted with it. My friends were all surprised to see what a handsome Premium I got for so little trouble." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Pens postpaid. **THE PEN CO., Dept 419 TORONTO, Ont.**

FREE SWEET TONED AUTOHARP



Made of selected California redwood, handsomely polished, 28 silver strings and 8 bars, producing 8 chords. This popular instrument complete with music rack, picks, full instructor and 16 selections, given for selling at 15c. each only **10 Canadian Home Cook Books.** These Books were never before sold for less than 25c. They are nicely printed, beautifully bound and each contains **739** choice recipes. **Every woman buys one.** With each book we give a 50c. certificate free. H. Fitch, Niagara Falls South, Ont., says: "The Cook Books sold well. Everyone thinks they are very fine for the money." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Cook Books postpaid. H. Proctor, Vancouver, B.C., says: "I received my Autoharp and am more than pleased with it." Write us to-day. **Home Specialty Co.** Dept. 466, Toronto

FREE ASSOCIATION Football

made of specially prepared Oak Tanned Leather, hand sewn and furnished with best quality red rubber bladder, given for selling at 15c. each only **10 Diamond Collar Buttons** with richly engraved gold finished tops, set with large, sparkling Electric Diamonds. A 50c. certificate free with each Button. Geo. Sinclair, Innisfail, Alta., says: "I sold the Buttons in 5 minutes. Everyone was pleased with them." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Buttons postpaid. Don't delay. **Gem Novelty Co.,** Dept. 424, Toronto

GIRLS THIS DOLL IS FOR YOU

Not a single cent to pay for her. As pretty as a picture. You will fall in love with her the minute you see her. Golden ringlets, laughing blue eyes, rosy cheeks, stylishly dressed in silk and satin, with velvet and lace trimmings. Lovely trimmed hat, dainty little slippers, real stockings, lace-trimmed underwear. She can be dressed and undressed like any live baby. Her head, arms and legs are movable. She can stand alone or sit in a chair or on the floor. When you get her you will say she is the prettiest doll you have ever seen. **We give her free,** for selling at **15c.** each only **8 Canadian Home Cook Books.** These books are nicely printed, beautifully bound, and each contains **739** choice recipes. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Cook Books postpaid. You can easily sell them in a few minutes. **Every housekeeper buys one.** 30,000 sold already. With every Cook Book we give a 50c. Certificate Free. Jessie Baxter, Sherbrooke, Que., says: "I never saw anything sell so quickly as your Cook Books." **Don't miss this grand chance** but write at once. Lizzie Sproute, Newdale, Man., says: "I received the Doll and think it is a fine Premium. It is the loveliest Doll I have ever had." Address **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 449. Toronto.**

GIRLS EVERYTHING YOU SEE IN THIS PICTURE FREE

I. A Lovely Big Doll, as pretty as a picture, stylishly dressed from top to toe in the richest material, with hat to match, underclothing, shoes, stockings, etc., that you can take off and put on as often as you like. II. A complete set of Doll's Furniture, bureau, washstand, bed, lounge, table, chairs and stove. III. Laundry Outfit—tub, washboard, iron and stand. IV. Table Service—cup and saucer, knife, fork and spoon, lemonade jug, glass and tray. V. A Baby Doll in a cradle; also a frying pan. Enough furniture and things to start Dolly up in housekeeping. Girls, we give everything shown in this picture absolutely Free. A big dressed Doll, 8 pieces of furniture, and 15 other articles, all for selling only **1 doz.** of our new Canadian Home Cook Books, at **15c.** each. These Books were never before sold for less than 25c. They are nicely printed, beautifully bound, and each contains **739** choice recipes. **Every Lady buys one.** A 50c. certificate free with each Book. Jessie Baxter, Sherbrooke, Que., said: "I never saw anything sell so quickly as your Cook Books. They went like wildfire." This is the grandest dressed Doll and the most complete outfit ever offered. Girls! you must not miss this chance. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send the Cook Books postpaid. **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 402 TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

FREE MAGAZINE RIFLE

20 Shots a minute. 200 Shots with one loading. DEATH TO CATS, Rats, Crows and Squirrels. Boys, Boys, Boys, a Magazine Rifle Free, the best make, the latest model, the strongest, straightest Shooting Air Rifle made to-day. It has globe sights, steel barrel and fittings, pistol grip and splendid walnut stock. All parts interchangeable. Magazine holds 200 Shots. We have placed a large contract with one of the biggest manufacturers, and in order to use the immense quantity we have bought, we have decided to put the price down to just one half of what has formerly been asked for this Gun. We will give one of these magnificent weapons absolutely free to anyone who will sell for us only **2** doz. large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. Each package is beautifully decorated in 12 colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** They are the best sellers ever handled. M. Speelea, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no never opened my parcel then I had all the Seeds sold. They went like wildfire." Don't miss this grand chance but write a **Post Card** for Seeds to-day. Gordon Hunter, Peterboro, Ont., says: "I am delighted with my Gun. I have knocked a couple of birds off our barn with it already." Address: **THE DOMINION SEED CO., Toronto, Ontario.**

$50.00 GOLD WATCH FREE

Solid 14K Gold finished case, deep cut, elegantly engraved back and bezel and fancy knurled centre. Open face, stem wind and set, fitted with a **fully guaranteed** movement, genuine American make, **Ruby jeweled,** lever escapement, and black and silver plates to protect the works. **A perfect timekeeper** and **a very elegant Watch,** given absolutely free for selling only **3 doz.** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. Each package is beautifully decorated in **12** colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. They are wonderful sellers. Everybody buys. Frank Prior, Bracebridge, Ont., said: "By the time I had visited 14 places my Seeds were all sold." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. A 50c. certificate free with each package. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., DEPT. 496, TORONTO.**

FREE FUR SCARF

Soft, warm, brown River Mink Scarf, 4 ft. long, 5 inches wide, with 6 fine full black tails. A perfect imitation of real mink. Looks worth $45.00. We give it free for selling at **25c.** each, only **1 dozen large bottles** of exquisite **White Rose Perfume,** the regular 50c. size. It is put up in large Fancy Glass Bottles, nicely moulded in imitation of cut glass, and beautifully ornamented in colors. This Perfume is made by one of the largest manufacturers in Europe. We were fortunate enough to secure a shipment at a specially reduced price, and are thus able to sell at 25c. a bottle, just one-half the regular price. Everyone you show it to will buy at least one bottle. Send us a Post Card to-day and we will mail you the Perfume, postpaid. A 50c. certificate free with each bottle. **The Paris Perfume Co., Dept. 426, Toronto.**

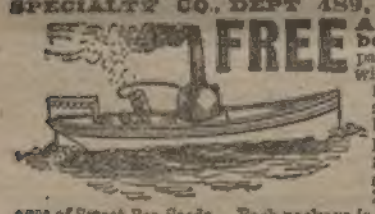
Columbia Graphophone FREE

Edison's most wonderful invention **free** to you. Astonishing bargain. A genuine Graphophone made by the celebrated Columbia Graphophone Co., of New York and Paris, the biggest firm of this kind in the world; also 5 records, reproducing Songs, Speeches, Animal Imitations, Instrumental Selections, etc., in a most life-like manner, given for selling only **18** 25c. Cook Books at **15c.** each. These books are nicely printed, beautifully bound and each contains **739** choice recipes. **They are hot sellers. Every lady buys one.** Florence Ascot, Rideau, Que., said: "I sold all the Cook Books in a short time. Everyone thought them splendid and very cheap." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Cook Books postpaid. A 50c. certificate free with each one. Mary Payne, Brinston's Corners, Ont., says: "I received my Graphophone all right and think it is a very fine Premium for so little work. **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 497, Toronto.**

FREE VIOLIN

Powerful, Sweet-toned Violin full size, Stradivarius Model, made of selected wood with highly polished top, inlaid edges and ebony finished trimmings **given** for selling only **10 Canadian Home Cook Books** at **15c.** each. These Books were never before sold for less than 25c. They are nicely printed, beautifully bound and each contains **739** choice recipes. They are the easiest sellers ever handled. **Every lady buys one.** Winnie Foot, Vancouver, B.C., said: "Everyone was pleased with the Cook Books and thought them the greatest and cheapest Cook Book they had ever seen." A 50c. certificate free with each book. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send the Cook Books postpaid. William Yorke, Two Islands, N.S., said: "My violin is a beauty. I was offered $5.00 for it the day I received it." The complete outfit shown in the picture including Violin, Bow, extra set of strings, Resin, complete Self-Instructor and black Japanned brass-trimmed, full flannel lined Carrying Case, given for selling 2 doz. Cook Books. Write to-day. **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., DEPT 489, TORONTO.**

FREE



A real Steamboat handsomely painted and gilded with metal hull, polished brass boiler and steam chest, balance wheel, propeller, rudder, etc., **given** for selling at **10c.** each only **1 doz.** large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds. Each package is beautifully decorated in **12** colors and contains **42** of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They are wonderful sellers Everybody buys.** P. J. Lowes, Moose Jaw, Assa., said: "I sold all the seeds in 10 minutes on my way home from the Post Office." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the seeds postpaid. I. Hickey, St. Johns, Nfld, said: "I received the steamboat and think it is a beauty. My friends all think it is grand, too." **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 429. TORONTO**

FREE

LOOK! A $40.00 High Grade Brand New Bicycle, 1903 Model Lady's or Gent's, free to you for a little of your time. We trust you. Don't send us any money. Simply write us a **Post Card** on which your name and address is plainly written and we will forward you, postpaid, **9 doz.** packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell at **10c.** a package. When sold return $10.80 and we will immediately forward this **Brand New Bicycle.** It has every up-to-date feature—best seamless steel tubing, finely enamelled frame, good pneumatic tires, rock elm rims, bar steel hubs, improved saddle, etc., etc. **You could not buy this Bicycle from any dealer for less than $25.00 or $30.00 spot cash.** E. Sharpe, Victoria Mines, Ont., says: "I received my Bicycle in good order, and must say it is far better than I expected. The Wheel is a dandy and suits me fine." Our Seeds are easy to sell. Everybody buys them. The packages are large, beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. A 50c. certificate free with each package. John E. Taylor, Rockwood, Ont., said: "I sold all the Seeds in a few hours in our village. They went like hot cakes." Write to-day. **Prize Seed Co.,** Dept 427, Toronto.

HANDSOME WATCH FREE

For selling only **15** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. Each package is beautifully decorated in 12 colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. They are wonderful sellers. **Everybody buys them.** Often several packages are sold in one house. Percy Bell, Little Rapids, Ont., said: "The Seeds sold like wildfire." P. J. A. Lowes, Moose Jaw, Assa, said: "I sold all the seeds in 10 minutes on my way home from the Post Office." A 50c. certificate free with each package. This handsome Watch has polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and reliable imported works. Leo C. Garin, Melcombe, Ont., said: "My Watch is a dandy and thres the shine wherever it is. I thank you many times for the work, was not enough for such a valuable prize." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., DEPT. 498, TORONTO, ONTARIO**

DRESSED DOLL FREE!

GIRLS, would you like to have this beautiful dressed doll? If so, send us your name and address on a **post card** and we will send you **one doz.** large, beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** postpaid. Sell them at **10c.** each, return us $1.20 and we will immediately send you **the most beautiful Doll you have ever seen.** Dolly is fully and fashionably dressed, including a stylish hat, underwear trimmed with lace, stockings and cute little slippers ornamented with silver buckles. She has lovely golden curly hair, pearly teeth, beautiful eyes and jointed body.

Eva Gilley, New Westminster, B.C., said: "I received your pretty Doll and am very much pleased with it. It is a perfect beauty and far exceeded my expectations."

Lizzie Sprouts, Rowdale, Man., said: "I received the Doll and think it is a fine Premium. It is the loveliest Doll I have ever had."

Gertie McDonald, Bonavista Bay, Newfoundland, said: "Thanks very much for my beautiful Doll. I am more than pleased with it."

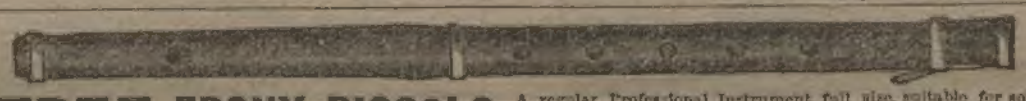
GIRLS, just stop and think what a truly wonderful bargain we are offering you. **You can get this lovely big Doll completely dressed for selling only ONE DOZEN packages of Sweet Pea Seeds.** Each package is beautifully decorated in 12 colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They are wonderful sellers. Everybody buys.**

Maggie Sinclair, Shelburne, Ont., said: "I sold all the seeds in a few minutes. It is a pleasure to sell them."

Mary Speeles, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the seed sold. They went like wildfire."

A 50c. certificate **free** with each package. Girls, write us at once and **this beautiful Dolly will be your very own in a short time.**

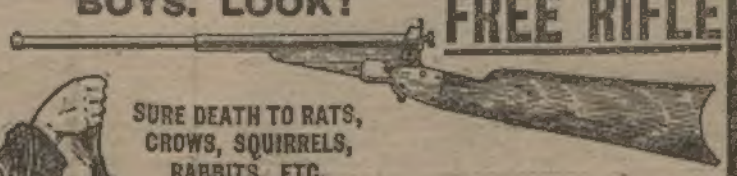
Prize Seed Co., Dept. 470, Toronto



FREE EBONY PICCOLO

A regular Professional Instrument, full size, suitable for solo or orchestra work, beautifully polished and correctly tuned. Given for selling at **10c.** each only **6** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds.** Each package is beautifully decorated in 12 colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest, and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys them.** A. E. Logan, St. John, N.B., said: "The Seeds went like hot cakes." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. M. McCurdy, Ottervillle, Ont., says: "I am more than pleased and delighted with my handsome Premium." A complete Self-Instructor and a large assortment of popular selections sent with each instrument. Dominion Seed Co., Dept. 465 Toronto.

BOYS. LOOK! FREE RIFLE



SURE DEATH TO RATS, CROWS, SQUIRRELS, RABBITS, ETC.

Boys! How would you like to have an **All-Steel Long-Distance Air Rifle** of the best make and latest model, that shoots B. B. Shot, Slugs and Darts with terrific force and perfect accuracy? We are giving away **Absolutely Free** these splendid Rifles to anyone who will sell only **1½ doz.** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** M. Speeles, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the Seeds sold. They went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Boys, this is the best Air Gun made. It has all steel barrel and fittings, improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock. Is always ready for Squirrels, Rats, Sparrows, etc. Geo. Allen, Brandon, Man., says: "I received my Rifle yesterday and think it is a beauty. I have shot 5 birds already." **Dominion Seed Co.,** Dept. **414,** Toronto.

FREE! ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

made of specially prepared Oak Tanned Leather, hand sewn, and furnished with best quality red rubber bladder, given for selling at 10c. each only 15 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds. Each package is beautifully decorated in 12 colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They are wonderful sellers.** A. E. Logan, St. John, N.B., said: "The Seeds went like hot cakes." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Jas. Kavanagh, St. John's, Nfld., says: I am highly delighted with my football. I could not buy it in this city for less than $3.50. Men of experience say it is the best ball they ever played with." Address, **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 424 TORONTO.**

ENAMELLED LADY'S WATCH FREE

for selling at **10c.** each only 2 **doz.** Lemon, Vanilla and Almond **Non-alcoholic Flavoring Powders.** One package equals 20c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. Used by the leading caterers, hotels and restaurants. **Every housekeeper buys them.** A 50c. certificate free with each package. Miss E. Eastcott, Sheal Lake, Man., said: "I sold all the Flavoring Powders in half an hour. It is just play to sell it." You can easily earn this beautiful little watch in a few minutes. It is open face, with fancy decorated dial, gold hands and stem wind and set, reliable imported works. The case is solid silver nickel, beautifully finished with a large rose with buds and leaves elegantly enamelled in seven colors, a perfect copy of Nature's art. Nothing half so beautiful has ever been offered for so little work. Edna Robinson, Powassan, Ont., said: "I received my watch in good order and think it is a perfect beauty." Send us a **post card** to-day and we will mail you the Flavoring Powders postpaid, Standard Flavoring Co. Dept. 46 Toronto

FUR SCARF FREE

Soft, warm, glossy black, 3 ft. 6 inches long, 5 inches wide, made of selected full furred skins with 6 fine full tails. A handsome, stylish fur, given free for selling at **10c.** each only 15 large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds.** Each package is beautifully decorated in **12** colors and contains **42** of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys them.** Mary Speeles, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the Seeds sold." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Seeds postpaid. Don't delay. Mary Murphy, McPhail, Ont., says: "I am delighted with my fur. Everyone thinks it is beautiful." **Prize Seed Co.,** Dept. 426, Toronto.

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